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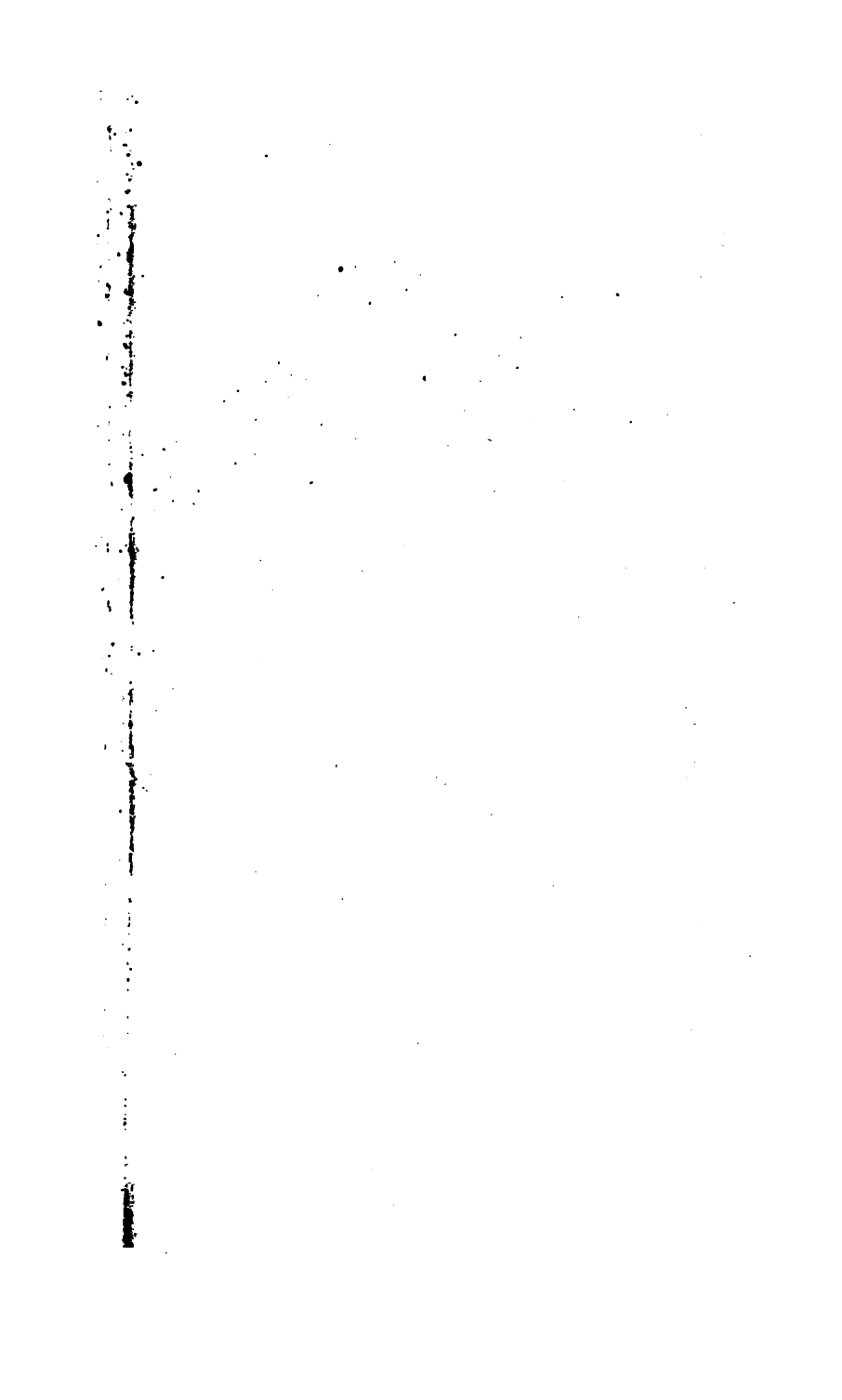
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# MY GREY GOOSE QUILL,

AND

OTHER POEMS AND SONGS.

BY JOHN MITCHELL,

AUTHOR OF "A NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF DOON," ETC.



---

"Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;  
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash!  
Some rhyme to court the kintra clash,  
An' raise a din;  
For me, an *aim* I never fash;  
I rhyme for fun."

—BURNS.

"Tear him to pieces for his bad verses."

—SHAKESPEARE.

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**CALDWELL AND SON, PRINTERS, PAISLEY.**

TO  
MR JAMES WHITE LAW,  
ENGINEER, GLASGOW,

**This Volume**

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY  
HIS SINCERE WELL-WISHER AND FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.





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## POEMS AND SONGS.

---

### LINES WRITTEN AFTER VISITING BURNS'S FESTIVAL.

The day had passed away—the day that long  
Will sacred be to Scotland and to song,  
When on Doon's banks the Genius of our land  
Saw crowds assemble 'neath her magic wand,  
To honour those whose sire for aye will be  
A magnate 'mong the stars of poesy.

From highland glen, from lowland vale they came,  
To hail with rapture, Burns! thy laurel'd name,  
Whose breathings told how man was made to mourn,  
And what Bruce sang by far-famed Bannockburn ;—  
Whose mirth-inspiring fancy gave to view,  
In Alloway's auld kirk, the ugsome crew  
Who danced 'mid corpses grim, torn from their graves  
To grace a meeting of hell's tested knaves.  
With buoyant hearts men of all grades were seen  
To meet and mingle in the fairy scene,  
Where Burns, ere bonny Doon had gained a name,  
First sought the stream his genius gave to fame.  
Joy beamed in ev'ry face ; Pomp laid aside  
Her consequence, to swell the human tide  
That spread along the Doon's romantic stream,

Whose "banks an' braes" oft rose the poet's theme,—  
 Whose gush ne'er falls upon a Scotsman's ear  
 But he remembers Burns, and drops a tear.

Apart from the assembled throng I stood,  
 And eyed with joy intense the multitude,  
 Whose hum fell on mine ear like the soft dew  
 That comes at night the parched flowers to renew.  
 But o'er my joys a chilling blast would steal,  
 Fraught with the woes his pages well reveal,  
 Who trod these vales when his young heart was warm,  
 And pluck'd from ev'ry flower a latent charm,  
 That burst forth in his manhood, and displayed  
 The tints that time himself will ne'er see fade.

Yes! deep and many were the woes he bore,  
 Whose lyre o'erflowed with truth and nature's lore,—  
 Whose eye could pierce dark superstition's veil,  
 And make oppression in her strongholds quail,—  
 Whose "wood-notes wild" the fair and gay will sing,  
 Till echo cease a due response to bring.

But what availed it to the bard whose soul  
 So nobly swept the chords that spurn control,  
 Tho' he twined laurels round his country's name,  
 And gave its smiling maids to song and fame?  
 Why, nothing. Wealth, yes! Wealth might deign to  
 smile

Upon the breathings of the son of toil,  
 But in her smile the keen-eyed bard would see  
 She knew she smiled on one of low degree,  
 And thought her condescension proof direct,  
 How high a genius stood in her respect.

The "lion of the hour" he doubtless stood—  
 The talk, the wonder of the multitude,

That ne'er had dreamed to see from labour spring  
 A bard whose strains all lands with joy would sing.  
 But Curiosity soon fades and dies,  
 If some new wonder bursts not on her eyes ;  
 The charms that make to-day so fair appear,  
 Oft, ere to-morrow's dawn, seem wan and sere :  
 So Burns, whom proud Edina's lordlings hailed  
 As one whose touch great Nature's face unveiled,  
 Saw, ere a few short weeks had o'er him fled,  
 That genius to be honoured must be dead ;  
 For he, yes ! Burns, in spite of all his laurels,  
 Was forced to dig for food in whisky barrels.  
 But I must stop ; reflections nought avail  
 In furthering the import of a tale ;  
 All who have intellect and eyes must see  
 Wealth's consequence and pride as well as me ;  
 So to the gathering on Doon's banks will I,  
 With heart elated, turn again mine eye.  
 Ne'er did the orb of day smile on a scene  
 So redolent with rapt delights, I ween,  
 As were the banks of Doon when old and young  
 In one acclaim his matchless glories sung,  
 Whose genius drew from nature's ample store  
 The charms that live but in the poet's lore.  
 There were the titled—there the man whose toil  
 Makes the rough globe with flowers and verdure smile—  
 And there, too, maidens fair, in smiles arrayed,  
 With buoyant hearts the thrilling scene surveyed,  
 Forgetting, in the raptures of the hour,  
 All but the bard—his worth—his themes—his power.  
 But Time stays not tho' joys our heart expand,  
 And Pleasure o'er us waves her magic wand ;



The day that's wreathed with smiles to night must yield,  
 As surely as the day that griefs have filled ;  
 And many hearts that gloried in that day,  
 With grief observed its beauties fade away.  
 Still, night found many in the joyous throng  
 Resolved the day's allurements to prolong,—  
 To laugh, to sing, and talk of him whose pen  
 Graved on the hearts of women and of men,  
 The strains that ne'er will in our land decay  
 Till Time lies prostrate in eternal day.  
 And with the fading day vast crowds retired,  
 Their bosoms with the day's enjoyments fired,  
 To tell, far from Doon's banks, what had been done  
 By Scotsmen for their country's darling son.

Charmed with the scene, I stood till fading light  
 Beyond the sea had bid our land good night,  
 Then musing, wandered by the rushing stream  
 That oft had been our poet's haunt—his theme ;  
 Till tired, beneath a tree's umbrageous shade,  
 Far from the joyous scene, my form I laid,  
 And mused upon the fete, and wondered when  
 Mine eyes would look upon the like again :  
 When, lo ! a sound than music's tones more sweet,  
 That ev'ry rock seemed eager to repeat,  
 Crept down the vale, and made the ravished ear  
 Conceive Apollo and his nymphs were near.  
 As when the weary traveller sees fair day  
 With all its dazzling glories fade away,  
 And night, in ebon darkness, hill and dale  
 Envelopes in its all-absorbing veil,  
 How will the soul expand, if thro' the gloom  
 A cheering light his pathway will illumine,

While, from the cot from which proceeds the light,  
 A friendly voice salutes him with "Good night,"—  
 So felt I, when upon my ravished soul,  
 Thro' night's soft shade the sound seraphic stole;  
 And as I listened, what was my surprise  
 To see, near where I lay, a group arise,  
 Around whose brows were wreathed the flowers that  
 ne'er

Will wither till old Earth lies wan and sere.  
 There were the bards whose strains, in days long past,  
 A halo round our fathers' darings cast—  
 There were the heroes who for Scotland's rights  
 Braved wild war's dangers in a hundred fights—  
 And there, too, were the maidens fair whom Song  
 Has placed with pride her deathless lays among.  
 But chief among them stood a form, whose soul  
 Knew well his fame had reached ambition's goal—  
 The place that many strive to reach in vain,  
 For few, ah! few its summit e'er attain;  
 And as around him bent th' ærial crew,  
 His thoughts remembrance to his boyhood drew,  
 When his young heart, with guileless feelings fraught,  
 Imbided the lessons nature only taught,  
 When sport and play woke in his breast the joy  
 That manhood's leaden hours came to destroy;  
 For tho' his graphic pencil truth pourtrayed,  
 With cold neglect the artist was repaid,  
 Till Death his arms around his manhood threw,  
 And Burns!—for it was Burns—from earth withdrew.  
 Then monuments were raised—then men combined,  
 Even those whose sides were with "good capon lined,"  
 To sing his praise, whom, if he had been spared,

They would have thought unworthy their regard,  
 For they alone are sure to reap wealth's smile,  
 Whose fingers ne'er were stained nor worn with toil.  
 Thoughts such as these spoke in his full dark eye,  
 On which a tear unhidden seemed to lie ;  
 But in that tear ev'n those who ran might read :  
 " Enough, more than enough ! I've found remead  
 For all the ills and contumely that Fate  
 Heaped on my head when in the mortal state.  
 My 'bonny Jean,' when I in earth was laid,  
 Securely slept in friendship's sacred shade,  
 And pluck'd from life's last stage the flowers that bloom,  
 Ah ! seldom in the precincts of the tomb.  
 And now to-day my sons the honours wear  
 That I ne'er dreamed a son of mine would share,  
 In whose blythe faces I can trace the fire  
 That in my youth lent vigour to my lyre,  
 And made me dare the steeps where giddy Fame  
 Sits 'mid the few who won from her a name ;  
 And long may fortune shield *them* from the blast  
 That cold neglect upon their father cast."

He paused, and tho' a tear still dimmed his eye,  
 His features told his heart o'erflowed with joy,  
 For he that day had been by nobles named,  
 Whose rank and worth his high deserts proclaimed ;  
 And as the sprites that round him thronged drew near  
 To where he stood, Fame stole from him the tear  
 That visions of the past had wrung from one  
 Who, tho' to labour bred, had deathless laurels won.

Sudden as lightning's flash the stirring scene  
 Was changed, and lo ! before me on the green,  
 In Scotland's many-coloured robes arrayed,

Soft Music's votaries their powers assayed ;  
 Then burst upon mine ear the strains that long  
 Have riveted our country's name to song ;  
 Then came from earth and air, in echoes bland,  
 The tones that live but in our fatherland,  
 While Doon, exulting in the din profound,  
 Its murmurs blent with the enchanting sound ;  
 And when the music ceased, a lady fair,  
 Whose brow Diana's symbol seemed to wear,  
 Advanced, and bending low before the bard,  
 Entreated for a moment to be heard,  
 While she a song would sing that would proclaim  
 How much she valued, Burns! thy deathless fame.  
 A burst of thrilling ecstasy declared  
 How deep they all in her affections shared,  
 And when deep silence lulled the group to rest,  
 In heartfelt strains she thus our bard address :—

“ Brightest day in song or story,  
 Oft will minstrels, old and hoary,  
 Of this stirring scene be singing,  
 Till the verra wa's are ringing  
 O' the cots where they reside in,  
 While the frien's that they confide in,  
 Will wi' heartfelt rapture hear them,  
 And wi' thrilling plaudits cheer them.

“ Peasant bard! thy childhood never  
 Dreamed that on Doon's banks—blest river!—  
 Lords and ladies fair would name thee  
 First of Scotland's bards, and claim thee

As the stem round which are wreathed  
 Flowers that nature's hand bequeathed,  
 And which thou, tho' rich the treasure,  
 Gave to song in boundless measure.

"Born to toil, thy keen discerning  
 Needed not a college learning,  
 To inscribe on thy bright pages  
 What will flourish green for ages.  
 Beauty thou hast truly painted ;  
 Love, thy magic touch has sainted ;  
 While oppression, iron hearted,  
 Owned her portrait just, and started.

"O'er our vales and o'er our mountains,  
 Round our sweetly gurgling fountains,  
 Burns has twined the flowers together  
 That nae Scot will e'er see wither.  
 He has sung in accents thrilling,  
 How within the cottar's dwelling,  
 Innocence and peace were blended  
 Round the hearths that love befriended.

"Sacred name !—will Doon—sweet river !—  
 From that name be parted ever ?  
 No !—ere they be disunited,  
 Earth's last floweret will be blighted.  
 In our hearts then let us wear him ;  
 Ages yet unborn will cheer him ;  
 And when we above us set thee,  
 Burns ! what Scotsman will forget thee ?"

She paused, and as I turned mine eager eyes  
 On her great subject, what was my surprise  
 To see, dissolving into thin, thin air,  
 The Bard and all who came his joys to share.  
 In haste I started to my feet, and soon  
 The mystery was solved: before me Doon  
 Swept on as it had ever swept before,  
 And Night the self-same dusky garments wore  
 She still has done since first his golden light  
 The sun withdrew, and Europe bade good night.  
 I had but dreamed; but, ah! that dream revealed  
 More than my waking hours will ever yield:  
 The geniuses whose names the teeth of Time  
 Will ne'er dissever from the lofty rhyme  
 That long has wafted—land of song!—thy name  
 Far on the bosom of transcendant fame.

The din had died away, the fete was o'er,  
 And, save the waves that murmured on the shore,  
 No sound fell on mine ear; and as I paced  
 The margin of the stream on which is traced,  
 In living characters, the glowing lines  
 That Doon to immortality conjoines,  
 I wondered what the sons of Burns would feel  
 Who had that day seen Scotland's sons reveal  
 How high they valued his immortal fame,  
 To whom they owed their fortunes and their name.  
 But, as I mused, a lamp's night-cheering glare  
 Shewed me I stood upon a street in Ayr;  
 And soon within a tavern's bed I found  
 What all the days enjoyments quickly drowned.

## MY GREY GOOSE QUILL.

Tho' weary wi' the toils o' day,  
 I canna sleep, do what I will,  
 For in mine ear thus seems to say  
 My venerable grey goose quill—

“Ye mauna sleep, ye ken I'm here,  
 And I hae mony things to say,  
 That some will aiblins like to hear,  
 Tho' ithers may denounce my lay.”

“O! frien', ye ken as weel as me,  
 That wi' the lark I left my bed,  
 And wrought a sair day's wark, while ye  
 Scarce lifted ance your inky head.

“A chiel that toils frae morn till e'en  
 Has little heart to lift a pen;  
 And weel ye ken, my waukrife frien',  
 That our auld clock has chappit ten.”

“Wha cares for that?” my quill replied,  
 “A poet never counts on time;  
 The boobies, if their not belied,  
 Wad sacrifice their all for rhyme.

“They'll lea' their hames to wander where  
 Perhaps a gowan greets their een,  
 Syne spoil some paper to declare  
 The wondrous wonders they hae seen.

“Or if some bonny lassie's e'e  
 Should chance upon their een to fa',

They'll rin an' seize on things like me,  
An' write the live-lang night awa.

"An' ye hae rhymed yoursel', ye ken,  
So paper get, mak' nae excuse,  
An' here am I, your gude auld pen,  
Right ready to gie men their dues."

I gat me paper in a blink,  
Tho' I must own't, against my will ;  
An' soon I had, weel filled wi' ink,  
My persevering grey goose quill.

"Weel then," quo' I, "come gie's your cracks ;  
Haste! scribble owre a page or twa ;  
On morning's hours I'll lay a tax,—  
I'll sleep the hale o' them awa.

"That is, if what ye hae to tell  
Is what a man o' sense wad read ;  
If not, just keep it to yoursel',  
I earnestly, my goose quill, plead."

"Ye'll soon hear what I hae to say,  
But mind me, tak' it weel or ill,  
A line or word o' 'mountains grey,'  
Ye's no get frae your grey goose quill.

"Nae ruby lips, nor limpid streams,  
I'll speak about ; my faith, not I.  
Nor, tho' wi' tempting smells it teems,  
Will I speak o' a '*Clipping Pye*.' \*

\* Mr William Findlay, Paisley—now dead—is the author of a clever, humorous, and satirical poem, bearing the above title.



“ I mean to speak o’ man, wha’s ways  
 Lie hid beneath as dark a cloud  
 As ever hid the sun’s bright rays  
 Frae him that lies within a shroud.

“ Look on men in the gross, and ye  
 Will think they ane and a’ pursue  
 The path where downright honesty  
 On a’ their actions sticks like glue.

“ And o’ themsel’s should they but speak—  
 A thing they verra aften try—  
 Ye’d think Auld Nick his shop might steek,  
 And bid this blessed earth good bye.

“ For ev’ry virtue ’neath the sun,  
 Tak’ ye their word for’t, they possess,  
 Wha daily, I say hourly, run  
 In vice’s labyrinths, I guess.

“ And if they ane anither meet,  
 It’s ‘How d’ye do! ye’re looking fine,  
 An’ really I am glad to see’t,  
 For ye’ve been lang a frien’ o’ mine.’

“ An’ yet the creatures care nae mair  
 For ane anither, than the kye  
 Care for the man that leads them where  
 The green fields a’ their wants supply.

“ Their smiles they keep for those wha’s purse  
 Contains within its strings the root  
 O’ what has proved to man a’ curse,  
 And sunk him lower than the brute.

“ Yet they wha ha’e its charms conceive  
 Themselves a race distinct from those  
 Wha for their food maun spin, or weave,  
 Or till the soil, whate’er wind blows.

“ The rich man shuns the toiling race  
 As he wad shun a beast o’ prey,  
 Yet talks o’ charity an’ grace,  
 As things he studied ev’ry day.

“ But will he luxuries forego,  
 That those wha toil may eat and rest?  
 Na, faith! he cares na wha reaps woe,  
 If fortune smiles on his ain nest.

“ For they wha bask in fortune’s smile  
 Tak’ precious care *their* smiles will ne’er  
 Cheer those whom poverty an’ toil  
 Aft lays upon an early bier.

“ An’ what o’ that?—the toiling race,  
 Had they the power, wad do the same  
 To those whom arrogance an’ place  
 Enables to inflict on them.

“ See yon *hum-drum*, wha struts alang  
 As bluffly as he ne’er had been  
 The heddles an’ the pirns amang,  
 Nor ‘*toom meal-pock*’ had ever seen.

“ Chance, or perhaps some loopy trick,  
 Frae driving shuttles set him free;  
 Now these things he consigns to Nick,  
 As far beneath his high degree.

“ And if ane o’ his auld compeers,  
 With whom he thro’ youth’s mazes ran,  
 Should meet him, if toil’s garb he wears,  
 Dream not he’ll speak to such a man ;

“ His mem’ry for a moment may  
 Revert to scenes he’d fain forget,  
 But not a word has he to say  
 To ane whom toil keeps in her net ;

“ But should some titled thing advance,  
 How blandly will the creature smile,  
 An’ *boo*, his manners to enhance,  
 In sycophancy’s rarest style.

“ And what are they wha titles wear—  
 Or rather, nicknames, if ye please—  
 Mair than the race that’s doomed to share  
 Toil and her countless miseries ?

“ A lord’s nae mair in Nature’s eye  
 Than the starved wretch without a home ;  
 Disease has said they both must die ;  
 And who smells sweetest in the tomb ?

“ Faugh ! let them stink—worms like a feast  
 As weel’s the selfish biped race,  
 An’ whether it prove man or beast,  
 Alike the putrid mass they ’ll grace.”

My goose quill paused, but in its nib  
 I saw a drap o’ ink remained,  
 An’ weel I kent, tho’ ’twere a fib,  
 Some paper must by it be stained.

I tried to speak, but, na! my quill  
 Ran on as it had run before,  
 Resolved, as it said, to reveal  
 Some mair o' its transcendent lore.

"Ye thought ye knew mankind," it scrawled;  
 "I beg you think na sae again,  
 Till ye their deeds ha'e overhauled,  
 And a' their secrets made your ain.

"If ye do sae, ye'll own that a'  
 That I this night hae said is true;  
 And ere we part I mean to shaw  
 Its workings on a class or two.

"Law is a usefu' thing, we ken,  
 If justice o'er law courts presides,  
 But he wha has the blunt to spen',  
 Aft o'er law courts triumphant rides:

"For lawyers will, wi' fronts o' brass,  
 For gowd assert the wrang's the right,  
 An' vice array in virtue's dress,  
 Yet walk the streets in braid daylight.

"The murderer may soun'ly sleep  
 Within a grated cell, if he  
 Has what a lawyer likes to reap—  
 A crop that yields a gowden fee.

"But if some starving wretch should dare,  
 Tho' pinched wi' want's fell woes the while,  
 To carry from the fields a hare,  
 How would their breasts indignant boil!

“ They couldna see the things whase feet  
 Scarce know the benefit o’ shoes,  
 Sit down by their cauld hearths and eat  
 What they themselves wad not refuse.

“ No! So to prison he is sent,  
 To mingle with the wretches who,  
 Like him, resolved to put off Lent  
 By eating of a hare or two.

“ O! gather gold, and on sin’s back  
 Ye may run riot where ye please,  
 But should toil follow in your track,  
 Our priests will o’er her shake hell’s keys.

“ Priests!—stop, that is anither class  
 That I must take a glance at too,  
 For it wad be absurd to pass  
 So humble an’ contrite a crew.

“ ‘Twas stern Philosophy that told  
 To man, if truth he wad attain,  
 The rust of ages must be rolled  
 Frae aff his lang benighted brain.

“ And some, whose names oblivion’s shade  
 Will ne’er envelope in its gloom,  
 Arose and fearlessly assayed  
 Truth’s buried glories to exhume.

“ Like some lone star that comes to cheer  
 The seaman thro’ night’s mirkest hour,  
 A still small voice fell on the ear,  
 And told in silv’ry tones its power.

“ It bade man rise and read the book  
 On whose bright page the good will trace  
 The truths that fools may overlook,  
 But wise men fondly will embrace.

“ It whispered—‘ Lay aside the dreams  
 That visionaries long have taught,  
 And drink from science’s pure streams  
 The sacred elements of thought.

“ ‘ Its fruits will be what bigots ne’er  
 To bigotry will see conjoined ;  
 ’Twill rend the veil ’neath whose false glare  
 Too long has lain the human mind.’

“ And mankind listened to the voice,  
 And heard, with hearts elate, the strains  
 That bade the race of man rejoice,  
 And reft the tyrant of his chains.

“ But Priests!—those messengers of peace,  
 Tho’ sources of man’s deepest woe—  
 Arose and told the dupes they fleece,  
 Inquiry still had been their foe.

“ They urged that men should do no more  
 Than listen and believe what they,  
 Who had acquired such wondrous lore,  
 Should in their wisdom please to say.

“ And lang their tyranny prevailed  
 In keeping blinded men their slaves ;  
 And lang has common sense bewailed  
 The workings of the selfish knaves.

“ In heaven they a’ get a place  
 Wha meanly deign their ranks to swell,  
 While those wha spurn their proffered grace  
 Are sent, without remorse, to hell.

“ Humility’s their daily theme,  
 Tho’ wild ambition fires their hearts :  
 At place and power they hourly aim  
 Their calculating, selfish darts.

“ On ignorance their power they raised,  
 And high the superstructure rose,  
 For princes have themselves debased  
 So low as kiss their dirty toes.

“ What made them do so ? ye may speir ;  
 Why simply this—kings then kent weel,  
 That mankind stood in daily fear  
 O’ that uncanny chap—the deil.

“ An’ therefore wad support the Pope  
 In a’ he did, thro’ thick an’ thin,  
 Tho’ he should order that a rope  
 Be firmly fixed ’neath each king’s chin.

“ Nor was it upon kings alone  
 The fury o’ their vengeance fell :  
 The poor in ages past have known  
 The mercies of these saunts, ah ! well ;

“ For often has unfriended age  
 Been forced to lea’ their calm retreats,  
 To glut in flames of fire the rage  
 Of these infernal hypocrites.

“ Yes! often have the aged poor  
 Been hurried from a peacefu’ hame,  
 The pains of burning to indure,  
 By those who witches made their game.

“ And priests have sanctioned the foul deed,  
 Because it added to their store,  
 And to confirm their innate greed,  
 Wad eagerly inquire for more.

“ Times changed, and priests began to see  
 The farce of witchcraft had turned stale,  
 So left to their arch enemy,  
 Auld men and wives, baith head’an’ tail.

“ Arch enemy!—nae class o’ men  
 Had e’er on earth a warmer frien’,  
 Than they possess in him whase den  
 The clearest eye ne’er yet has seen.

“ Their stipendses an’ manses braw;  
 Nae langer wad be theirs, if he  
 On whom they loose a tinkler’s jaw,  
 Should tak’ it in his head to dee.

“ Ye’ll maybe speir what made them priests;  
 I think the story’s verra plain,—  
 In perspective they saw the feasts  
 That toiling men will ne’er attain.

“ They saw, too, gaping thoughtless fools  
 Aroun’ them, ready to proclaim  
 Themsel’s their ever ready tools,  
 To do whate’er they pleased to name.



“ These visions prompted them to dare  
 The depths o’ dark divinity,  
 An’ having *quantum suff* o’ lear,  
 They stept into the ministry.

“ An’ there secure frae win’ an’ rain,  
 They wear the sunny hours awa,  
 That come wi’ snaw-flakes in their train,  
 To those wha’s toil supports them a’.

“ It’s true nae witches noo they catch,  
 But then, o’ hell they keep the keys,  
 And into it can pitch a batch  
 O’ those wha shun them, when they please.

“ An’ while such things as priests exist,  
 Contentions will exist ’mang men ;  
 For how can folk that’s in a mist  
 Agree about when it will en’ ?

“ Some may thro’ hope a cloudless sky  
 See coming to dispel the gloom,  
 While others will sit down an’ sigh  
 As if it were to be their tomb.

“ And each o’ them will swear he’s right,  
 Till time creeps in and proves baith wrang,  
 By shewing them that mists an’ light  
 Alternately o’er earth must hang.

“ And yet, ere truth resolves the fact,  
 Wars, bloody wars, will intervene,  
 By those wha argue white is black,  
 ’Gainst those wha swear that blue is green.

“ Stop! dinna laugh at what I’ve said,  
 The page of history can tell,  
 The green earth aft has been made red  
 By those wha make a tool o’ hell.

“ Yes! blood has stained the earth, because  
 Kings chanced wi’ kings to disagree,  
 Syne set their vassals up in raws,  
 To be shot down for little fee.

“ Some battles and some sieges must,  
 When kings cast out, occur, we ken;  
 Swords must not be allowed to rust  
 Wi’ onything but blood o’ men.

“ And priests on either side will pray  
 That he who rules earth’s destinies,  
 Would rise up in his wrath and slay  
*Their king’s, their country’s* enemies.

“ Their prayers in heaven, of course, will clash;  
 But what o’ that? to them they’ll form  
 A valve that will permit hard cash  
 To reach their hands thro’ war’s rude storm.

“ But I maun stop; it’s getting late,  
 An’ ye seem tired o’ hearing me;  
 Na! possibly some day may state  
 That I wi’ man hae made owre free.

“ Ye may, for I hae stated facts  
 From which a coward may recoil;  
 But truth, I ken, her ears will rax,  
 An’ hear the hale o’t wi’ a smile.

“ One word before we part. Let not  
 The toiling race imagine they  
 Wha writhe beneath a cheerless lot,  
 Are better than the idle gay.

“ Mak’ ony ane o’ them a king,  
 Or say a priest, the creature would  
 Assuredly frae labour wring,  
 Why just as muckle as it could.

“ Self governs all—the king, the clown  
 Alike confess its sov’ reign power—  
 It bids the soldier seek renown  
 ’Mid scenes where death aye rules the hour.

“ The rude, the polished, and the sage,  
 Repose within her cold embrace ;  
 In smiles of youth, in tears of age,  
 The demon’s likeness ye may trace.

“ She fills all hearts, yet every tongue  
 Pretends her doings to abhor ;  
 And as some o’ them I hae sung,  
 I’ll add but this—I add no more,”

Right glad was I when on mine ear  
 The words “no more” so gently fell,  
 For really I began to fear  
 My quill had gane beside itsel’.

Quick frae the scribbling thing I gaed,  
 Resolved some method to devise,  
 That wad prove a’ that it had said  
 Was but a batch o’ selfish lies,

But sleep came in and o'er mine een  
 My weary eyelids quickly drew,  
 An' I gaed wi' the drowsy queen,  
 An' bade baith pens an' ink adieu.

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### ST. ROLLOX LUM'S ADDRESS TO ITS BRETHREN.

*First printed in the Argus and Reformers' Gazette the week after the far-famed lum was finished.*

Haud up your heads, ye stunted things,  
 Or gudesake get the len' o' wings,  
 An' soar aloft like me, where sings  
                   The cheery lark,  
 When frae its dewy bed it springs  
                   In some green park.

My troth! your makers little knew  
 About stalk vents when they made you,  
 Or they wad ne'er ha'e made a crew  
                   Sae void o' graces,  
 As day by day black reek to spew  
                   In ladies' faces.

I see that frae the morning's dawn  
 Till ev'ning has her curtain drawn,  
 Ye spread your vapours o'er the lan'  
                   Sae thick, in faith!  
 That those who pass you aft maun stan'  
                   An' gasp for breath.

Now just turn up your een an' see  
 The vapour as it rolls frae me,  
 An' ye'll confess that men maun flee  
                                 In a balloon,  
 Ere they amang my reek can be,  
                                 Morn, e'en, or noon.

Amang the clouds I keep my head,  
 And on their curling gloom I shed  
 My vapours that with them are spread  
                                 O'er land an' sea,  
 While yours, ye are sae lowly bred,  
                                 Scarce reach my knee.

The steeples that aroun' you rise,  
 Nae doubt, ance boasted o' their size,  
 But fient a ane o' them now tries  
                                 To lift an e'e,  
 Or speak ae word about the skies  
                                 Since they saw me.

But then, the dwarfs their bells will ring,  
 On Sabbath days, a crowd to bring,  
 To hear some college-bred bit thing  
                                 Prove to a hair,  
 The nature o' creation's king,  
                                 By dint o' lair.

Or if a battle has been gained,  
 And earth by human carnage stained,  
 Their bells, ye ken, are never hained,  
                                 But loudly tell,  
 How weel vain men their powers have strained  
                                 To mimic h—ll.

For nobler purposes was I  
 Exalted mid-way to the sky,  
 Than mak' a din when fools wad cry  
     A battle's won,  
 Or sic a ane in station high  
     Has had a son.

In the great cause of Art I rose,  
 And Art in me a wonder shows,  
 Such as is never seen in those  
     They steeples ca',  
 Things gude for naething, I suppose,  
     But mak' streets braw.

They tell us that in days o' yore,  
 Ane Cheops Egypt's sceptre bore,  
 Wha built a pyramid, a score  
     O' feet an' mair,  
 Aboon where I the skies explore,  
     Sae bland an' fair.

And proudly still the stately pile  
 Heaves high its head aboon auld Nile;  
 And from each continent and isle  
     Will Cheops' tomb,  
 For ages yet, mankind beguile  
     Frae friends an' home.

But after a', wha wad compare  
 A pyramid to them that share,  
 Like me, the toils that mankind bear  
     Frae morn till e'en,  
 Save sumphs, wha think that naething's rare  
     That's daily seen?

Beneath my shade Industry plies  
 Her eager hands to reach the prize,  
 That gained, adds lustre to the eyes  
                     Of old and young,  
 And bids hope's cheering accents rise  
                     Frae every tongue.

And honest toil, ye'll a' allow,  
 That is if Labour gets her due,  
 Lifts men aboon the idle crew  
                     Wha' seem to think  
 Nane but themsel's should e'er he fou  
                     O' meat or drink.

But aft on Misery's cauld bed  
 I grant that Toil must lay her head,  
 While underneath the sullen shade  
                     Of ill-got wealth,  
 The selfish indolent are laid  
                     To waste their health.

Yes! aften frae his humble cot,  
 The peasant on his hindmost groat,  
 Will see some pampered pensioned sot,  
                     With haughty air,  
 Down pleasure's stream triumphant float,  
                     Unscathed by care.

While he whose ill-rewarded toil  
 Compels the barren waste to smile,  
 Is doomed to see earth's fruits the spoil  
                     Of that fell brood,  
 Who never deign a hand to soil  
                     For mankind's good.

O! when will that blest time arrive,  
 When men some method will contrive  
 To banish from Industry's hive  
     The lazy drones,  
 Who long by fraud have learned to thrive  
     On Labour's groans.

Then future TENNANTS will arise,  
 Like those who raised me to the skies,  
 Some giant measure to devise—  
     That even steam,  
 With all its powers, will in men's eyes  
     A trifle seem.

Art has progressed, I say, but Time  
 Shall never see her in her prime,  
 For years will proudly in each clime  
     To years unfold  
 New wonders, that her course sublime  
     Will soon make old.

The lightening's vivid glances may,  
 Ere long, acknowledge mankind's sway,  
 And guide the swift bark on her way  
     Through seas unknown,  
 Where dreary Night 'mid icebergs grey  
     Has fixed her throne.

Yes! science shall the clouds dispel,  
 Beneath whose gloom sly birkies dwell,  
 Wha to their dupes some queer cracks tell  
     About a chiel  
 Wha lang on earth has borne the bell—  
     Ev'n Nick the deil.



But they ne'er try by demonstration,  
 Or algebraical equation,  
 To prove what no ane in this nation,  
   Nor yet in France,  
 E'er saw, since first he led creation  
   Sae rough a dance.

But I may let thae things alane,  
 Time will, himsel', or I'm mista'en,  
 See Mystery and a' her train  
   To Reason yield,  
 And lay beneath Truth's sacred fane,  
   Her broken shield.

Then War with her foul deeds no more  
 Will stain the earth with human gore,  
 Nor this be called a hostile shore,  
   Because, perchance,  
 It lies o' miles perhaps a score  
   Apart frae France.

Then Peace her olive branch will spread,  
 And a' its bland endearments shed  
 On those who—ne'er by folly led—  
   Delight to stray,  
 Where Industry wi' lightsome tread,  
   Has smoothed the way.

Then THOMSONS, M'INTYRES, & Co.,\*  
 To wondering mortals yet will shew  
 Some piece of brickwork, that will throw  
   Far in the shade  
 E'en me, who am, as ye all know,  
   The best yet made.

\* The builders.

But since they've gi'en me the comman'  
 (As PREMIER LUM) o'er a' the lan',  
 I promise you, hae there's my han',  
     If I be spared,  
 To have a scheme weel planned an' drawn  
     To get things squared.

Gie me *sax months* to glowr about,  
 An' faith I'll keep a sharp leuk out,  
 And watch how statesmen turn their snout  
     To smell a job;  
 I'll no mak' sic a bungle o't  
     As BRITHER BOB.

Now fare-ye-weel, I maun prepare  
 The labours o' the day to share,  
 And when we hae an hour to spare,  
     We'll hae our joke;  
 Meantime, see how on upper air  
     I spread my smoke.

## ADDRESS TO THE BARDS OF SCOTLAND.

Ye Sons of Song, come list my lay,  
 Of you I mean to sing,  
 Whase strains to feeling hearts convey  
     The charms gold canna bring.  
 Love lives within your glowing lines,  
 Flowers wear a fairer hue,  
 When Poesy their blush enshrines  
     Within her pearly dew.

But bards will aften mak' a sang  
 O' joys they never knew,  
 While those wha live sic joys amang,  
 Despise the rhyming crew.  
 'Tis only when our bards retire  
 To their cauld hames—the grave—  
 That men begin to praise the lyre  
 That genius to them gave.

Go view the monuments that rise  
 To Burns, that hallowed name,  
 Then read what one of the excise  
 Wrote to that son of Fame.  
 “Your business is to act, not think;”  
 To Burns a wretch thus wrote,  
 Whose heart must have been black's the ink  
 That filled his pen, I wot.

Oh! had he lived to see the day,  
 When on Doon's banks were seen,  
 Brave lords and knights, and ladies gay,  
 To honour him convene,  
 Whose thoughts—for he dared think, despite  
 Oppression and her chains—  
 O'er Scotland spread the cheering light,  
 Within which freedom reigns.

It surely would have wrung his soul  
 To hear that Burns, whom he  
 Told not to think, had reached the goal  
 Of which Thought keeps the key.

His fame with Scotland's name is spread  
 Beyond the pathless main,  
 And morn will cease its light to shed,  
 Ere, Burns! thy glories wane.

Yet selfish man saw his brief years  
 In cares and sorrows lie,  
 Nor stooped to wipe away the tears  
 That dimmed our poet's eye.  
 No!—for although his genius gave  
 Auld Scotland's maids to fame,  
 Neglect cam' wi' an early grave,  
 And made it Robin's hame.

And where were Scotsmen's hearts when he,  
 Wha "Caller Water" sang,  
 Was forced to dwell, thro' penury,  
 The grated cells amang,  
 Where laughter echoed from the walls,  
 Co-mingling with the woe,  
 That more the heart of man appals  
 Than all death has to shew.

Yes! Ferguson, in early youth  
 Thou learned what man will do  
 For those who rend the veil that truth  
 Conceals from mortals' view.  
 Thy graphic lines will long remain  
 A monument to tell  
 How Scotland will her sons sustain  
 • Who fame's bright pages swell.

Poor Tannahill! thy sweet-toned lyre  
 Wha wadna lean to hear?  
 But while thy breathings we admire,  
 Who can withhold a tear,  
 When musing on the bard whose pen  
 So nobly gave to fame,  
 Gleniffer and its woody glen  
 That rose sae aft his theme?

Yet Tannahill was born to prove,  
 Wi' Ferguson an' Burns,  
 That he whase strains the heart-strings move,  
 'Neath could neglect aft mourns.  
 What marks the grave in which is laid  
 Him wha sang " Loudon's braes?"  
 Why—grass, by Nature's hand arrayed,  
 Is a' the spot displays.

And Wilson sung in deathless strains  
 How Watty, by his art,  
 Forced Meg to lay aside the reins  
 That aft had made him smart.  
 What Scot in breeks or philabeg,  
 What woman or what man,  
 Has read the glorious scene where Meg  
 Her Watty sae did ban,

That hasna laughed outright when she,  
 Amang the drifting snaw,  
 Her bauchles tint, yet scorned to flee  
 Frae Watty's lugs awa?

An' O! when owre his wee drap brose,  
 How weel has Wilson sung  
 The source o' a' poor Watty's woes  
 Lay in Meg's tinkler tongue?

But Maggy learned wi' morning's light  
 What she should lang ha'e known—  
 The woman wha o'ersteps her right,  
 Maun whiles resign her throne.  
 For soon as e'er the morning broke,  
 Vexed Watty left his bed,  
 Resolved on Meg to play some joke  
 Wad mak' her better bred.

An' weel it's kent o'er a' the lan'  
 How Watty gained the day,  
 By forcing Meg to gie her han'  
 In future to obey.  
 Frae this, ye lasses a' beware,  
 When fastened to a man,  
 To straik wi' care your Watty's hair,  
 As gently as ye can.

An' what was Wilson's fate, whase han'  
 Did Meg sae nobly draw?  
 He had to lea' his native lan'—  
 His Caledonia!  
 Knaves whom base gold to power had raised,  
 Couldna endure to hear  
 Ane o' their ain dear class debased  
 By those wha aprons wear,

But Wilson, with an eagle's eye,  
 Observed their selfish arts,  
 And boldly dared the lash apply,  
 That wrung their selfish hearts.  
 Was this to be endured? O! no;  
 What right have they who toil,  
 Their satires keen on men to throw,  
 Who from their haunts recoil?

They may write truth, but what o' that?  
 The toil-worn race should try  
 To mak' themsel's as blin's a bat,  
 When Wealth acts on the sly;  
 For how could she sic houses keep,  
 If workmen had their due,  
 Whase toil enables her to reap  
 The joys Toil never knew?

So Wilson was in prison laid,  
 For daring to reveal  
 How certain classes fortunes made,  
 While others made but meal.  
 Relieved, he left his native land,  
 To find, beyond the wave,  
 What Time has ever in his hand,—  
 That dreaded couch—the grave.

Now monuments will doubtless rise—  
 A glorious reward—  
 And thrust their summits to the skies,  
 In honour of the bard.

His bones must rattle with delight  
 Whene'er the news they hear,  
 And curse the chains with which dull night  
 Still binds them to the bier.

Be still, poor bones ; were ye arrayed  
 In flesh and blood again,  
 Dream not proud man would bend to aid  
 One who swells Labour's train.  
 Tho' Burns himself should rise, pray what  
 Would he to such things be,  
 Who yearly boast they ha'e been at  
 His anniversary ?

Why, nothing ! " Facts are stubborn things,"  
 As Burns himself has sung,  
 And mere profession somehow hings—  
 Why, simply by the tongue.  
 Few hearts possess the gen'rous glow  
 That sheds on poortith's state  
 The balm that dissipates her woe,  
 And blunts the stings of fate.

If genius is to poortith joined,  
 Yet has a thirst for fame,  
 Her thread of life she must upwind,  
 And make the grave her lame ;  
 Then he who with averted eye  
 Would meet her, will presume  
 To talk o' monuments, and sigh  
 Beside her grassy tomb.



Bah! let him sigh, his heartless sighs  
 Are affectation all,  
 That to the toil-worn wretch supplies,  
 What wormwood yields and gall.  
 The eye is dim that sees not thro'  
 The thin disguise they wear,  
 Wha strut in fashion's gaudy hue,  
 And fortune's favours share.

What reck they of the woes that aft  
 Await the Sons of Song,  
 Till they the cares of life have doffed,  
 And joined death's countless throng?  
 Why, nothing. Therefore minstrels rise,  
 And sing in numbers plain,  
 How well ye see thro' the disguise  
 In which men lang ha'e lain.

Tell them that monuments will ne'er  
 Wi' meat an' drink compare,  
 Yet bards whase mem'ries men revere,  
 Want's stings had aft to bear.  
 Yes! Sons of Song, whene'er your lyre  
 Wi' nature's beauties glow,  
 Sing as once sung your gifted sires,  
 And let the world know,

That Wealth's neglect ye view with scorn,  
 If in your humble hames  
 The sweets of love and peace adorn  
 The flowers that wear your names.

'Mid luxuries Wealth may repose ;  
 What's that to you or I,  
 Whase toils an' cares, whase weals an' woes,  
 Must vanish when we die.

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### REFLECTIONS.

When will this weary race be o'er?  
 When will I reach the mystic shore  
 Of which I aft ha'e read?  
 When will the clouds that o'er me lour  
 Evanish like a summer shower,  
 And sunshine roun' me spread?  
 When will the flowers that bloomed sae fair  
 In Hope's delusive e'e,  
 Dispel the woes that bleak despair  
 Sae lang has laid on me?  
 Unheeded, unneeded,  
 A cypher on life's page,  
 I wander, and ponder  
 On what wrings tears frae age.

Ah! Youth, thy morn seems fair and bright,  
 Robed as it is in golden light,  
 And fringed wi' fairest flowers ;  
 But Time will lead thee down life's vale,  
 Where adverse winds and tides prevail,  
 And tears descend in showers ;  
 The sunny blinks are unco rare  
 That light on those who toil,

And few o' them e'er live to share  
 The fruits o' fortune's smile.  
 Neglected, dejected,  
 Thro' life's dark vale they go,  
 Whiles weeping, aye reaping  
 The bitter fruits of woe.

The few who in Wealth's lap repose,  
 May dream that every wind that blows  
 Is fraught wi' joy to them,  
 But Fortune's but a "fickle quean,"  
 Upon whose smiles no ane should lean,  
 Or he may, to his shame,  
 See ruin lord it in his ha',  
 Where pleasure used to smile  
 The thorny cares o' life awa,  
 That press sae hard on toil.  
 Remember, December  
 Will come as weel as May,  
 To blighten, benighten  
 The glories o' spring's day.

He wha life's dreary vale has trod,  
 Nae doubt has aften wished the road  
 By him had ne'er been seen ;  
 For hoary eild to youth can tell  
 How aft within his cheerless cell  
 Dark cares and griefs convene,  
 To wring from his perturbed breast  
 The sighs that deep declare,  
 The woes in which the hours are drest  
 That Labour's children share.

The pleasures, the treasures  
 Of earth they never see,  
 Whose hands still, the lands till,  
 That, Sloth! are claimed by thee.

'Mid luxuries the race repose,  
 Who look on Labour and her woes  
 As things degraded, mean ;  
 But what would this dull earth become,  
 Were those whom Wealth considers scum,  
 On it no longer seen ?  
 A cheerless waste, with weeds o'ergrown,  
 On which—dark, dismal, drear—  
 Would Desolation fix her throne,  
 Arrayed in vestments sere,  
 To tear all, to blear all  
 The flowers that Nature's hand  
 Has planted, has granted,  
 To beautify each land.

And yet we see the toil-worn man  
 Must measure out life's weary span  
 Amid privations dire,  
 While they who look on toil with scorn,  
 Down pleasure's magic stream are borne,  
 The slaves of wild desire ;  
 But little reck they as they roll  
 In pleasure's giddy car,  
 How near their feet are to the goal,  
 Where Folly's baneful star,  
 Is spreading and shedding  
 On those who own her sway,

The moanings and groanings  
That chase their joys away.

And yet men will themselves degrade  
By fawning on whoe'er has made,  
By foul play or by fair,  
A *quantum* of that *precious* stuff,  
That mak's its owners look as bluff  
As if the creatures were  
The essence of created things,  
On whom all those who toil  
Should look as they would gaze on kings—  
Wi' a soul-chilling smile.  
Now knuckling, and truckling  
To creatures like ane's sel',  
Is galling, appalling;  
In fact it tastes o' hell.

We're tauld that when we quit this scene,  
Where misery and wealth convene,  
Their varied parts to play,  
That kings and beggars must appear,  
Their last, their final doom to hear,  
A' drest in ae array;—  
That those wha wore a crown on earth,  
Wi' beggars will be seen,  
Commingling at their second birth,  
The grave and heaven between.  
Nae riches, bewitches  
The heart, or makes a slave,  
On that strand, in that land  
That lies beyond the grave.

Well! if remembrance of the past  
 Within the breast should chance to last  
     Beyond the grave's dark bound,  
 How will they look who dared presume  
 To spread o'er the green earth the gloom  
     In which toil still is found?  
 The slave will stand beside his lord,  
     And scarce believe it true,  
 That he who once could at a word,  
     Make crowds his whims pursue,  
     Is no more on that shore  
         Than those o'er whom his hand  
     Once yielded, aye wielded  
     Oppression's iron wand.

If they believe such stories true,  
 How can their selfish souls pursue  
     The paths they still have run?  
 They talk of his unbounded might  
 Who gave to being glorious light,  
     And yet with scorn they shun  
 The haunts where honest Poverty  
     Is doomed to spend her days,  
 Yet seek the den where Infamy  
     Her hollow joy displays.  
     A dog may, a rogue may  
     Frae riches won a smile,  
     But "go sir," or "no sir,"  
     Is a' they gie to toil.

It matters not; cold graves will soon,  
 Despite their riches, rise aboon

The pampered sons of earth,  
 As surely as they'll rise o'er those  
 Whose mornings 'mid privations rose—  
     Whose noons yield aught but mirth ;  
 For Time spreads with impartial hand,  
     O'er rich and poor the gloom,  
 In which lies hid that unknown land  
     Whose entrance is the tomb.  
     Will gold then, unfold then,  
         The charms she used to wear,  
 When folly, unholy,  
     Man's precious hours would share.

No! gold will never warm the grave,  
 Where loathsome worms alike will crave,  
     From wealth and poverty,  
 The flesh, the sinews, and the thews,  
 Come they from virtue's haunts or stews,  
     From eild or infancy.  
 Their gases when they sink in death  
     Will mix ; ay, kingly gas  
 May some day meet and mingle with  
     The gases of an ass ;  
     Lay pride then, aside then,  
         For soon will come that day,  
 When senseless, and penceless,  
     We'll form a common clay.

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## LIGHT.

Light! I will sing of thee, whose cloudless eye  
 Reveals the shaggy hills and flowery plains,—  
 Who gives to being yon ethereal sky,  
 And on love's dimpled cheek so gently reigns.  
 With what delight, when day's bright glory wanes,  
 And ev'ning shadows in the east arise,  
 We trace what of thy beauty still remains,  
 'Mid floods of light in the far western skies,  
 Where clouds like isles repose in thy most gorgeous  
 dyes.

Yes! day may pass away, and night enfold  
 Within its murky womb the gay green earth,  
 But o'er our heads ten thousand orbs are rolled,  
 In which thy presence wakes our souls to mirth;  
 The moon with joy proclaims thy second birth,  
 As thro' yon starry vault she holds her way,  
 While weary trav'lers conscious of thy worth,  
 Scarce feel the absence of departed day,  
 But ply their onward task, and bless the lunar ray.

But when blythe morning wakes the rosy dawn,  
 And stars abashed withdraw their feeble beams,  
 When mist and vapour leave the flowery lawn,  
 And Night has laid aside her idle dreams,  
 Then on the earth the bright effulgence streams,  
 Rending the chains that bound her to old Night,  
 And spreading o'er our vales and limpid streams  
 The glories that we hail with rapt delight,  
 For where would beauty be were it not heavenly light?



The festooned hall where love's resistless smile  
 And artificial lights profusely glow,  
 Where music's thrilling tones the hours beguile,  
 And eyes with passion's eloquence o'erflow,  
 May o'er the midnight gloom a lustre throw ;  
 But when gay morning comes, the argand's blaze  
 Wanes like a coward when he meets a foe ;  
 While basking in the sun's resplendent rays,  
 Earth hails with joy the light, all nature sings its praise.

Yes! Revelry may shun the star of day,  
 And underneath night's shade her orgies keep,  
 But light comes with the dawn, and where are they  
 Who dared invade the hours sacred to sleep?  
 In fever's burning arms they lie, and reap  
 The fruits that fell remorse yields those who dare  
 In Circe's cup their future prospects steep,  
 Where folly mingles with the seeds of care  
 The woes that wring their hearts who midnight revels  
 share.

And who would shun the dawn, whose roseate dyes  
 Spread o'er the earth a flood of living light,  
 And bids the feathered tribes with joy arise,  
 To carol forth the dirge of sullen night,  
 While all around the dew-drops glist'ning bright,  
 Reflect the glories of the vast profound,  
 Where roll thro' boundless space the orbs whose flight  
 Mark out the circling years that still has crowned  
 The mazy span in which our hopes and fears are bound.

And sunshine follows dawn, in whose bright beams  
 Creation wakes to life, to love, and song ;

While in our flowery vales and crystal streams  
 The tide of rays dance merrily along ;  
 While wantoning the leafy groves among,  
 The birds with melody proclaim the day,  
 As round the peasants' cot the vocal throng  
 Pour forth with grateful hearts the matin lay  
 That tells their loves and joys, as 'mong the groves they  
 play.

And what is sunshine ? 'Tis a light from heaven—  
 'Tis the bright essence of the star of day,  
 Who rides o'er dingy clouds by lightnings riven,  
 Or smiles the vapours of the night away ;  
 But whence its dazzling brightness none can say,  
 Nor when on boundless space its rays first fell,  
 To vivify and cheer inertiate clay,  
 And from chaotic gloom the mists dispel,  
 That made of heaven a blank, of earth a dreary hell.

O! Light, when midnight's veil hangs o'er the deep,  
 And angry winds with angry waves contend—  
 When glaring lightnings o'er the welkin sweep,  
 And thunder's awful voice the dark clouds rend,—  
 Who comes the hardy seaman's surest friend ?  
 Who guides his tall bark on her dangerous way ?  
 'Tis Light! whose cheering smiles resistless blend  
 With the dank vapours that the morning's ray  
 Rolls from the restless flood, and harbingers the day.

And lovely are thy smiles on the deep sea,  
 Tho' o'er its restless waves the rude winds sweep,  
 And joyfully will seamen turn to thee,

While on the deck the weary watch they keep ;  
 O ! how their souls rejoice, when o'er the deep  
 The clouds of azure, green, and gold arise,  
 Their golden tresses in the brine to steep,  
 And blend together in morn's transient dyes,  
 Old Ocean's liquid breast and the refulgent skies.

And I have watched thee, Light, when early dawn  
 Her first faint streaks spread on the rear of night,  
 To give again to view the flowery lawn,  
 And mountain grey, o'er which in upward flight  
 The lark wild warbling revels with delight,  
 And pours its raptures in a flood of song ;  
 While all around, the flowers with dew be-dight,  
 Impart the joys that Nature will prolong  
 To him who scans her smiles the sunny glades among.

Then when young Morning in her fond embrace  
 Infolds the earth, the ocean, and yon sky,  
 Give me upon a mountain's side to trace  
 Her ever varying beauties, that defy  
 The limner's plastic hand that fain would try  
 To fix earth's lineaments in all their glow  
 On his frail canvas ; yet who would decry  
 The artists' labours, if taste deigns to throw  
 The magic of her charms before his pencil's flow.

And Art lives in thee, Light ; the gorgeous dome  
 In which her witching glories are displayed,  
 Without thy presence would become their tomb,  
 On which Night's dark imperturbable shade  
 In soul-distressing volumes would be laid,

Hiding from Admiration's fervid eye

The charms that genius fondly hoped would fade  
But with the dissolution of yon sky,  
On which with awe-struck hearts we read—eternity.

O'er the bright waters of the azure main,

O'er the rough mountain's top and flowery vale,  
Light will for ever hold her peaceful reign,


Before whose cheering splendour will turn pale  
The moon and stars, as on their course they sail  
In meteor brightness on the brow of night.

Then, mortal! while with joy its power ye hail,  
Fail not to recollect the ravished sight  
Has for its thrilling joys one source—that source is  
Light.

#### SCOTLAND'S ADDRESS TO FAME.

Proud Fame! my green valleys and mountains sublime,  
My streamlets and lakes, flourish still in their prime,  
Yet round them the wreaths have been twined by thy  
hand,  
That Time in his course will still farther expand.

In days long departed, Greece courted thy smiles,  
And spread her proud name o'er old Earth and its isles;  
And Rome, mighty Rome! thou hast hallowed her  
name,  
And placed it 'mong those who thy glories can claim.



But where is the land where thy gifts have been thrown  
 In richer profusion, proud Fame! than mine own?  
 My streams thou hast wed to far loftier strains  
 Than music e'er wove on fair Italy's plains.

My maidens are fair, as the stranger can tell,  
 Who deigns in my rich sylvan valleys to dwell,  
 And innocence lives in their smiles as they stray  
 To list love's soft tales, or the minstrels' sweet lay.

Thou gav'st me a Wallace; ah! Fame, his bright name  
 Is writ on my heart, and will long be the theme  
 Of those who for thee and my rights will arise,  
 To sweep from my soil what a slave would but prize.

Thou gav'st me a Bruce, who on Bannockburn's plain  
 Told England that those who my honours would stain,  
 Would sleep their last sleep on a blood-spangled bier,  
 Or wear the foul name that but cowards would wear.

Thou gav'st me a Burns, and my cup it ran o'er,  
 For far has his name spread beyond mine own shore;  
 He woo'd thee, he won thee, and ne'er will his strains  
 My country forget, while old Time o'er it reigns.

And now I can boast of a Bell, round whose name  
 The wreaths thou hast twined that will flourish, O!  
 Fame,

While steamers o'er oceans' proud waves find a way,  
 Which will be till time owns oblivion's sway.

♦  
 Scott, Ferguson, Ramsay, and Smollett are mine,  
 Whose names on thy page thou hast destined to shine;

And Christopher North, O! may Fate long him spare,  
To honour my land, and thy laurels to wear.

His *Lights* and his *Shades* of my country will be  
Revered while time flies, or men glory in thee;  
His *Noctes*, ah! wit, all thy fun and thy fire  
In them were condensed to grace Christopher's lyre.

Then, Fame, thy proud gifts I will cherish with care,  
And leave them unstained, that my children may share  
The treasures they reap, who with honour dare claim  
The glories that flow from thy fountains, O! Fame.

### THE GABERLUNZIE.

The snaw flakes were fa'ing on hill and in vale,  
The wee birds were chirping their mournfu'est tale,  
The cauld win's were sougning the bare trees amang,  
And oh! but the winter seemed weary and lang;

When gently my sneck I heard somebody draw,  
And as the door opened, before me I saw  
A poor Gaberlunzie, the tear in his e'e,  
Come in to crave rest and an awmous frae me.

I bade him come ben, for I saw he was cauld,  
And it's ill bidding winter's rude blasts when ane's auld;  
Yet aft thro' the snaw, wi' ae fit in the grave,  
The weary an' worn a bit mouthfu' maun crave.

I roused my wee fire, and I drew him a chair,  
And bade him sit down my sma' comforts to share;

And oh! in his e'e I could read what I'll ne'er  
Hae words to express tho' I try't a hale year.

I cheered him wi' tales o' the time when young Spring  
On mountain and moorland her treasures would fling—  
When the cauld win's o' winter our valleys would lea',  
And the craw-flowers invite us their beauties to see.

"The cauld blasts o' winter are naething to me,"  
Replied the auld man, while fire gleamed in his e'e;  
"For summer will come, winter's ices to thaw,  
And Hope sees her beauties thro' frost and thro' snaw.

"But man heaps on man what the bitterest blast,  
Tho' laden wi' snaw, on life's path will ne'er cast;  
As those who its mazes have threaded like me,  
Have seen and have felt, or may yet live to see.

"Here Youth looks unmoved on the sorrows of Age,  
Tho' Time will Youth's bloom soon transfer to his  
page;  
And Wealth 'mid her joys thinks a kintra does weel  
That furnishes Toil wi' a handfu' o' meal.

"But look at Wealth's board when around her convene  
The toys that in Industry's path are ne'er seen,  
And there a' o' Nature's and Art's that are rare  
Are served up, that Sloth their profusion may share;

"While he from whose toil a' their luxuries flow,  
Half fed and half clad down life's journey must go—  
Nay, aften must beg from the pampered in vain,  
For that which plain justice declares is his ain.

" Yes! aft by his hearth, when the daylight is past,  
And sleep o'er his *wee things* her mantle has cast,  
He'll sit and reflect on the hardships that man  
Must bear ere he winds up life's mystical span.

" He sees in the blossoms that round him repose,  
(The spring of his joys, yet the source of his woes,)  
The tools that oppressors will use to procure  
The fruits that ne'er smile on the boards of the poor.

" Nor will times get better, for tyrants know well  
That faction's aye ready its conscience to sell;  
And faction will mankind divide, while our race  
Thro' weal and thro' woe gold's enslaving smiles chase.

" Aye! mony lang winters I trew maun gae wa',  
Ere frae their warm biel's the rude win's will them  
blaw,  
Wha see a' o' Nature's and Art's that are rare,  
Adorning the hames Toil maun ne'er hope to share.

" Weeds grow in despite o' the husbandman's art,  
And gold is the weed that makes barren the heart;  
Nae rays warm wi' love frae its roots ever spring,  
To cheer Toil's lone hours and a balm to her bring.

" Then let not the visions of youth e'er conceal,  
The truths that the years on life's verge will reveal;  
They are read in the tears that an auld man lets fa',  
When seeking his meat thro' the wide drifting snaw.

" But I maun awa, I ha'e far yet to gang,  
And at my time o' life a short road aye seems lang,



Sae tak' my best thanks for what's kindly been gi'en,  
And oh! in your need may ye ne'er want a frien'.

"Fareweel! and may sunshine, as onward ye stray  
Down life's rugged path, mak' your winter seem May,  
And may the dark clouds frae your dwelling aye flee;  
That poured such a tide o' their wrath upon me."

Nae pressings to stay wi' the sage could prevail,  
Tho' rudely the winds swept the uplands and vale;  
So I bade him fareweel wha frae care's noo awa',  
For the poor Gaberlunzie lies cauld 'neath the snaw.

### LINES TO THE RICH AND POOR.

(Written in the stern winter of 1846, when work was hardly procurable in Paisley.)

Ye poor! ye shiv'ring poor, whose haggard forms  
Bespeak the fulness of the meals ye share,  
How will your threadbare *ragments* brave the storms  
On which stern winter rides the icy air?  
Say, can ye smile beneath the loads of care  
That round your hearths and in your bosoms lie?  
Will Cheerfulness e'er lend to bleak Despair  
The joy that wantons in her laughing eye,  
Or ever lean to hear pale Mis'ry's deep drawn sigh?

Ah! no, the starving wretch may seem to smile,  
Nay, talk of joys as if they were his own,  
Tho' in his broken heart he feels the while

The stings that to the poor alone are known ;  
 And midnight oft will echo to his moan,  
 As on his bed of straw he weeping lies,  
     Reflecting on the time when Hope's bright zone  
 Encircled the gay hours that lent his eyes  
 The charms that Hunger ne'er to her doomed race  
     supplies.

But Youth can never know the pangs that rend  
     The bosom of the parent who surveys  
 The murky clouds that with his mornings blend,  
     And spread their gloom o'er his declining days ;  
     A cheerless hearth he finds alone repays  
 The hours he spent in unremitting toil,  
     While those who bask in fortune's golden rays  
 Ne'er turn their lily hands to dig the soil,  
 Yet somehow they contrive to make its fruits their spoil.

Ye who in Plenty's fair round arms repose,  
     And reap the pleasures Toil sighs for in vain,  
 Ye dream not, while the tide of plenty flows  
     Around your hearths, that those from whom ye drain  
     The sweets ye prize, are fated to remain  
 In Penury's cold arms a prey to Care,  
     Whose stings wring from the soul the tears that stain  
 The cheeks that would have bloomed so fresh and fair,  
 If rude Oppression's grasp had not their shelves made  
     bare.

Has Nature in her wisdom said that all  
     Who till the soil or labour at the loom,  
 Must 'mid privations sit, and drink the gall

That oozes from gaunt Famine's fleshless womb;  
 And that the idles' rights are to consume  
 The viands all would fain see on their boards?  
 No! knaves alone round toil have spread the gloom  
 In which lies hid how they acquired the hoards  
 On which they raise themselves, to stand squires,  
 knights, and lords.

And what are lords or knights in Nature's eye  
 More than a starving wretch without a home?  
 In death's cold arms they both are doomed to lie,  
 And worms confer no titles in the tomb;  
 The cheerless dwelling and the lordly dome  
 Rise not on death's drear shore to cheer, or blight,  
 Those who on putrefaction's turgid foam  
 Are floating downwards on a dreamless flight,  
 To that all-dreaded goal—to that eternal night.

And who gave Wealth the power to make the laws  
 That Poverty must bend to? Is there one  
 Whom Liberty within her vortex draws,  
 Who would not the degraded hireling shun  
 Who would submit to see fair Freedom's sun  
 Hid from his sight, while titled things can gaze  
 Upon its beauties, who so long have spun  
 The meshes in which Toil must spend her days,  
 Uncheered by one sweet smile from its enlivening rays;

Yet, ah! how many of the toil-worn race  
 With fawning smiles will bend themselves before  
 Those who the nicknames wear—"my Lord," "your  
 Grace,"

As if their natures were not one? Nay more—  
 They'll meanly from their highnesses implore  
 For leave, when summer's balmy wind prevails,  
 O'er some rude mountain's shaggy top to soar,  
 And breathe afar from towns th' untainted gales  
 On which with rosy health fair Freedom proudly sails.

And bards in pompous strains will sing the praise  
 Of men who were, and still are Freedom's foes,  
 And on their brows attempt to fix the bays  
 That should but blossom on the heads of those  
 Who for man's rights dare nobly to oppose  
 Whoe'er by roguery, or heartless guile,  
 Would rise above their equals, and heap woes  
 Upon their heads whose ill-rewarded toil  
 Produce the very sweets o'er which the villains smile.

HOME struck with power the tragic muse's lyre,  
 And soft and sweet the tones fell on the ear,  
 And doubtless men of noble birth admire  
 The strains that honest Toil must hate to hear.  
 Has Nature said the offspring of a peer,  
 Tho' bred a shepherd, some day would arise  
 To doff his humble weeds, and proudly rear  
 The banner that to man's astonished eyes  
 Would prove that innate worth but in a lordling lies?

No!—round the peasant's hearth at close of day,  
 The gifted sons of genius may convene,  
 And tho' not college bred, some stirring lay  
 That Scotland's Burns or Tannahill would glean  
 From Nature's ample store, may rise between

The shrewd remarks they make on those whose toil  
 Is o'er the pleasures of this earth to lean,  
 And from the haunts of Liberty recoil,  
 As if her children were, degraded, mean, and vile.

A Norval from the titled race may rise—  
 The like has been, and may be so again ;  
 But Nature has revealed to all men's eyes  
 That they who look on Toil with proud disdain,  
 Yet from her sweat all their enjoyments drain,  
 Are oft mere excrescences upon earth,  
 Whom Industry ne'er saw on her domain,  
 To cheer with soothing smiles the toil-worn's hearth,  
 Where seldom, Labour knows, is heard the sounds of  
 mirth.

And Allan Ramsay painted gentle *Pate*  
 In colours so bewitching, that all eyes  
 Saw in his ev'ry act what would create  
 Within each breast the thought that he would rise  
 Above mere herding sheep, and rend the ties  
 That bound him to do what, were it not done,  
 The pensioned drones would see, to their surprise,  
 That they were Toil's dependents, tho' they shun  
 Their very haunts from whom all life's delights they've  
 won.

And Peggy, gentle Peggy ! proves at last  
 A scion of the race who nothing do,  
 Or how could she such charms around men cast,  
 When singing the sweet strains that Ramsay knew  
 Would with most 'rapt delight be listened to,

By men whose sires, by bending to some knave,  
 Acquired the rights that but to those are due,  
 O'er whom oppressors still so proudly wave  
 The blood-bespangled sword that but true patriots  
 brave.

Such were the themes which bards in former days  
 Would choose to edify a gaping throng;  
 But common sense now sees in truth's bright rays  
 That bards, tho' gifted, sometimes may be wrong—  
 That nature never mingles in the song  
 That gives to *high born* men a greater share  
 Of her attributes, than the race who long  
 In penury have been obliged to bear  
 The woes that make their homes the domiciles of care.

But modern bards have struck a bolder key  
 Than did the fawning sycophants of yore;  
 And in its tones we read man will be free,  
 And o'er the knaves that fleece them proudly soar.  
 Burns led the way, and now from shore to shore  
 Our hills and vales the stirring notes resound;  
 And men now in perspective see that o'er  
 Old Earth fair Liberty will yet be found,  
 Within the poor man's cot with Freedom's laurels  
 crowned.

Then Toil will lift her head with honest pride,  
 And boldly scan the deeds of those who claim  
 The right o'er honest industry to ride,  
 Because, forsooth! their sires left them a name,  
 Which, if they knew its origin, with shame,

If shame lived in their hearts, would they retire ;  
 For Rome ne'er nursed men damned to blacker  
     fame,  
 Than are their sins from whom woes dark and dire  
 Sprung into life, and still keep Labour in the mire.

But Liberty begins old Earth to light,  
 And men in her effulgent glories see  
 The germs of what assuredly will blight  
     The noxious weeds that spring from tyranny :  
     It spreads! and Toil beholds with heartfelt glee,  
 On the horizon's verge, the flowers that bloom  
     But round the hearths of those who dare be free,  
 And rise, as men should rise, above the gloom  
 That ne'er falls on the drones who earth's best fruits  
     consume.

Ye weary mortals who in childhood ran  
     Thro' years of destitution and of woe,  
 Whose ill-paid sires, with features pale and wan,  
     Were forced thro' life's short lease to undergo  
     The hardships and privations dire that flow  
 On all whose hands the stains of labour wear,  
     Rise in your might, and let oppressors know  
 That ye no longer will submit to bear  
 One class to claim the rights that all who live should  
     share.

Tell them that Nature has the same desire  
     Implanted in the toil-worn to be free,  
 As lives within the bosom of the squire,  
     Whate'er his income or his pedigree ;  
 And that the present race resolve to see

The flag of freedom o'er each land unfurled ;  
 And proudly will we hail the boon when we  
 See war's rude symbols to destruction hurled,  
 And peace and love unite to harmonise the world.

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### NIGHT'S DITTY.

Pale day has departed beyond the wide sea,  
 And left the green earth and its treasures to me,  
 O'er which I will reign till the vigilant cock  
 Gives note that the dawn on mine empire has broke.  
 My reign may be brief, but the deeds that are done  
 Beneath my dark shade would astonish the sun,  
 Who doubtless opines, as he rolls in his light,  
 That nothing worth seeing's e'er seen by old Night.  
 Ha! ha!—if he knew what comes under mine eye,  
 When mine are the mountains, the vales, and yon sky,  
 He would own that the deeds that he smiles on by day,  
 Assume a new form when his light is away.  
 Hypocrisy walks in the sun's golden light,  
 As saintlike as if she kept truth aye in sight ;  
 But under my shade she throws off the disguise,  
 That ne'er yet was pierced by the sun's searching eyes.  
 The birds may exult in the glories of morn,  
 And flowers ope their petals the fields to adorn,  
 But man moves unknown in the glorious light,  
 And only is seen in the shadow of night.  
 And where would the way-worn and weary repose,  
 Or find a solace for their wants and their woes,  
 If sleep, night's first fruit, would not come and conceal  
 Within her dark shade what the dawn will reveal.



And Night has her joys, which the wine-cup can tell,  
 When o'er it in rapture the minstrel's notes swell,  
 While echo, blythe echo! prolongs the sweet strains,  
 That waft men to climes where young Fancy but reigns.  
 Go view the bright hall when my noontide is nigh,  
 And say if the orb that illumines yon sky  
 Will e'er round the heart such endearments entwine,  
 As love's sure to reap in a short hour of mine.  
 The song and the dance too enliven my stay,  
 That flee the bright hours that are trod on by day;  
 And lovers' fond lips that the light of the sun  
 Would keep far apart, 'neath my shade become one;  
 While on yon far dome I the spangles display  
 That ne'er could endure the broad staring of day.  
 Then flee not my shade, tho' the hypocrite may  
 Beneath it do what he would spurn at in day.  
 The blush on the cheek of the maiden I hide,  
 When first she confesses she will be a bride.  
 Day boasts of her beauties, her landscapes, her light,  
 But, O! love's chief joy is to nestle in night.

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### THE NEGLECTED BARD.

*First printed in Howitt's Journal.*

His laurels are green tho' his locks have grown grey,  
 Who often and sweetly has sounded his lay,  
 Where, Scotland! thy streams glide awa to the sea,  
 Thro' vales where no slave bends to tyrant the knee.

In youth's buoyant morn with delight he would roam,  
 Where the deer has a haunt, and the clansman a home;

Or would skim the broad lake, Nature's wilds to survey,  
As they burst on his sight in their rocky array.

The steeps where the eagles repose he would climb,  
To lean where the clouds roll o'er regions sublime,  
Where nimble-winged lightnings their terrors display,  
And sunshine and gloom bear alternately sway.

But spring must to summer resign a' her flowers,  
And autumn's seared leaves hoary winter devours ;  
The dreams of our youth will subside like the wave,  
And Hope's golden dreams in cold Age find a grave.

So Time from the bard has extracted the fire  
That so glowed in his youth on his deep-toned lyre,  
And the visions that rise on his soul wear no more  
The tints that in life's early morning they wore.

For now from life's verge he looks back on the past,  
When Hope on his prospects her golden smiles cast,—  
When Love leaned to hear his sweet strains in the  
    grove,  
And Echo's soft voice echoed nothing but love.

But Time steals the rose from the cheek, and the  
    flower  
That blooms beauty's pride, will exist but its hour ;  
And Hope's airy flights become leaden when Age  
Our names and our years has inscribed on his page.

And Hope in the breast of the bard has decayed,  
For threescore and ten his imaginings shade ;

The mind that once glowed with delight, is o'ercast,  
Or lives but in scenes that are hid in the past.

He pictures the time when young Hope would array  
The snow-covered vales in the beauties of May,  
When Love lent her smiles to enliven the scene,  
And Friendship and Truth round his hearth would  
convene.

Then Fortune and Fame in life's vista appeared,  
Shedding light on his course as he fearlessly steered  
Down youth's mazy stream, where, tho' pleasures  
abound,  
The dark rocks of Ruin rise thickly around.

But Time has revealed to the bard that the tongue  
May with melody's blandest enchantments be strung,  
Yet the minstrel, tho' hoary, o'er want have to pine,  
For hard oft's his fate who oft sups with the nine.

Yet still with delight, when the twilight is nigh,  
And eve's golden clouds gild the far western sky,  
He will lean by the stream where in boyhood he ran,  
Undisturbed by the cares that assailed him when man.

There forgetting his years, will the scenes of his youth  
Arise on his soul like the visions of truth,  
And the tones that erst broke on his soul will arise  
On the wings of the wind to their birthplace, the skies.

But the shadows of night will his dreamings awake,  
And the time-weary bard his loved haunts will forsake,

To lean by the hearth that Neglect calls her own,  
And sigh o'er the years that for ever are gone.

The fair and the gay in their halls may convene,  
And from pleasure's soft lap earth's enjoyments may  
glean ;  
They may list with delight to the strains that he wove  
When his heart was serene as the smile of his love.

But the bard is forgot—he whose soul breathed the  
strains  
That add charms to the fairest of Nature's domains,  
Thro' a valley of tears in life's e'ening may stray,  
Unblest by a smile to enliven the way.

But the grave is at hand, where Neglect ne'er appears  
To fill the glazed eye with unsavoury tears,—  
There the pampered and starved equal benefits share,  
For the despotic worm has no favourites there.

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### THE BARD'S FINALE.

His hair was grey, but his laurels were green,  
And blanched were his cheeks where once roses had  
been ;  
His feeble form the repose did crave  
Which the weary find in the cold, cold grave ;  
But his soul was lit with the heavenly fire  
That glowed in his youth on his deep-toned lyre,  
And mem'ry recalled to his vision the hours  
When friendship and love strewed his pathway with  
flowers,—

When the maid of his heart leaned beside him to hear  
 The strains that he wove for the maid he loved dear.  
 But his eye caught his hearth now deserted and lone,  
 And his thoughts fell on friends that before him had  
 gone

To the land where a smile is ne'er stained with a tear,  
 And where sunshine and joy gild the still rolling year ;  
 And he sighed for that land, for his heart was there  
 With the maid who his griefs and his joys used to share ;  
 And a still small voice to his soul would tell  
 Of the cloudless climes where he longed to dwell,  
 And he called on Death to dissolve the tie  
 That bound him to earth, for he longed to die ;  
 And the fire that gleamed in his eye the while,  
 Glowed with the warmth of a heavenly smile,  
 For his soul was calm as a waveless sea,  
 When the winds repose on a flowery lea ;  
 And he sought afar from a world of care,  
 The repose which the good alone will share.

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### THE OLD AND THE YOUNG.

When from us the old are taken,  
 Ne'er again on earth to waken,  
 When in the cold grave we lay them,  
 And our last sad duties pay them,  
 We retire—the rites are ended  
 That to death are but appended,  
 And long ere their bones are rotten,  
 They by mankind are forgotten.

But when Death youth's form embraces,  
 On whose brow Time writ no traces,  
 How our hearts will swell with anguish,  
 And in floods of sorrow languish,  
 When we hang o'er lips that never  
 Coming years again will sever.  
 Tears will fall when we consign them  
 To where we will shortly join them,  
 And the friends from whom they've parted,  
 Leave the grave-yard broken hearted,  
 To repine for what no morrow  
 Will arise to soothe their sorrow.  
 All must die: the longest liver  
 Will yet reach that unknown river,  
 On whose waves stand wide the portals  
 Thro' which float departed mortals,  
 To that land where all's in common,  
 Where *your grace* is claimed by no man.  
 There the strong, the iron-nerved,  
 Who from virtue's path ne'er swerved—  
 There the sinner, old and hoary,  
 Rots, unknown in song or story—  
 There the child whose face once beaming  
 With an angel's smile, nor dreaming  
 That the hearts may yet deplore him,  
 Who now watch so fondly o'er him,  
 Whom they hoped would smooth their pillows,  
 And make green their withered willows.  
 All must die: the rosy morning  
 Comes with light and life adorning  
 The green vales, where health reposes  
 Amid countless blushing roses ;

But Morn must her charms surrender  
 When Noon rises in her splendour,—  
 Who must next resign her treasures  
 When dark Night the welkin measures,—  
 Who again flees the horizon  
 Whene'er earth Dawn sets her eyes on.  
 So have by-gone generations  
 Passed away, and new formations,  
 To oblivion's shade descending,  
 Dream not, as life's maze they're wending,  
 That Time soon the ties will sever  
 That binds them to earth—for ever.

Then since Fate is hanging o'er us,  
 What they reaped who lived before us,  
 Let us shun the midnight orgies,  
 Where Disease 'mid madness forges  
 Chains that drag us to that region  
 Where worms claim the name of "Legion,"—  
 Chains that make life's journey drearer,  
 And bring Death's dread symbols nearer.

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## THE AZURE VAULT OF HEAVEN.

The azure vault of Heaven,  
 Where moon and stars appear,  
 Where clouds by lightnings riven  
 Their dingy columns rear—  
 Where dew collects her mimic tears,  
 And rolling thunder shakes the spheres.

Thou vast empyrean dome,  
 Where meteors nightly play—  
 Where sunshine has a home—  
 Where spreads the milky way,—  
 Art thou eternal? Are thy rounds  
 Prescribed within appointed bounds?

Time, as we read, is old;  
 They tell us Time will die,  
 And as a scroll is rolled,  
 So rolled will be yon sky;—  
 That suns themselves will pass away,  
 And ponderous matter know decay.

Philosophy says no:  
 Matter its form may change,  
 The ocean's circling flow  
 Convulsions may derange,  
 But matter ne'er will cease to be—  
 'Tis linked to dark eternity.

But what then say the schools?  
 Why, what can schoolmen know  
 Beyond the mystic rules  
 With which their creeds o'erflow?  
 Why, nothing. Theories are vain,  
 And live but in a dreamer's brain.

Can finite minds declare  
 Infinity, or tell  
 When on the ambient air  
 The rays of light first fell?  
 Or when the orbs that roll thro' space  
 First started on their devious race.



Philosophy again

Decidedly says no :

The power that can sustain

Yon orbs, man cannot know.

It was, it is, and still will be

Twin brother to eternity.

Coy science may unfold

The solar system's bounds,

Within which we behold,

On their elliptic rounds,

The planets rolling on their way,

Round the effulgent star of day.

But will e'er science tell

When first these orbs began

The countless host to swell

That night reveals to man,

When gazing on the spangled dome

Where constellations have a home ?

No! never. Systems may

Be to destruction hurled,

But will the germs decay

That constitute a world ?

Its form, we grant, may be destroyed,

But that will not make space a void.

Annihilation!—Pshaw!

Imagine, if you can,

That o'er great Nature's law

This greater mandate ran :—

Retire—dissolve—time's at at end,

So matter must with nothing blend.

Well then suppose that all  
 The orbs that roll thro' space,  
 With this terrestrial ball,  
 Left not a single trace  
 Of their existence, where would light—  
 For light is matter—take its flight.

Six thousand years ago  
 They tell us that our earth,  
 With all the goodly shew  
 Of planets had their birth,  
 And that from nothing they all sprung;  
 So sage mythologists have sung.

But let us list to those  
 Who earth's dark womb explore,  
 And to men's eyes disclose  
 What will for evermore  
 Enable them on truth to sail  
 Thro' error's dark and flimsy veil.

Geologists have shown,  
 As their great works can tell,  
 That Time has from his throne  
 Bid countless years farewell—  
 That flowers and trees now blossom where  
 Old Ocean's surging waves once were.

Deep in their stoney graves  
 The mastodons are found,  
 Whose fates oblivion's waves  
 In hidden depths have drowned:  
 They were, but when? Tradition's self  
 No trace of them has on her shelf.

But men their bones have seen,  
 And while on them they gaze,  
 They from reflection glean  
 What dissipates the haze  
 That long from our benighted race  
 Has hidden, sacred Truth! thy face.

Nor is it them alone  
 That Nature in her might  
 Has from existence thrown  
 Beneath the realms of light:  
 In petrification's arms we find  
 Whole hosts of tribes extinct confined.

Nor has great Nature paused  
 In her profound career,  
 For the same power that caused  
 From earth to disappear  
 The mammoth and the mastodon,  
 With reckless speed still hurries on.

But man! short-sighted man,  
 As life's dark verge he nears,  
 The sun and stars may scan  
 That cheered his brighter years,  
 And think no change has been on earth,  
 Nor on yon sky since he had birth.

But they who Nature's laws  
 Investigate, will find  
 That Time ne'er makes a pause,  
 Nor casts one look behind:  
 His course is onward, and his dart  
 Eludes the piercing eye of Art.

The mountains in their pride  
 Are crumbling to decay,  
 And o'er their heads the tide  
 May dash its briny spray,  
 And land usurp the place where now  
 Old Ocean spreads her azure brow.

O'er vales where flowers and trees  
 Delight the roving eye,  
 The bark borne by the breeze,  
 With spreading sails may fly :  
 Such changes Time has seen, and Time  
 Still revels in his noontide prime.

Before him rosy youth  
 Is hurried on to age,  
 And there he learns what truth,  
 Young Hope! lives on thy page ;  
 They oft saw fortune's flowers thro' thee,  
 Whom Time laid 'neath a withered tree.

All changes : childhood soon  
 Expands in manhood's pride,  
 Unmindful that his noon  
 Ere long will reach the tide,  
 Within whose dark and sullen womb  
 Lies hid the margin of the tomb.

Then let us, as we thread  
 Life's mazes, guard with care  
 The hours on which are spread  
 The weals and woes we share,  
 And pluck from Nature's breast the flowers  
 That wisdom only can make ours.

Leave bigotry to those  
     Who thro' its haze can see  
 The light that they suppose  
     Will thro' eternity  
 A lamp be to their paths, while they  
 Are basking in eternal day ;

And seek in Virtue's arms  
     The joys that will to man  
 Unfold the countless charms  
     That all delight to scan,  
 Whose souls o'er party creeds dare rise,  
 And Nature's glories only prize.

Go view the briny deep,  
     When winds are laid at rest—  
 Go view it when they sweep  
     In fury o'er its breast,  
 And in its storms and calms you'll find  
 A mirror of the human mind.

A smile may light the face,  
     On which ere long may lour  
 The frowns in which we trace  
     The depths of passion's power,  
 That will, like the revolving tide,  
 Their zenith reach and then subside.

All changes ; let us then,  
     While threading life's fleet hours,  
 Pluck, ere its noontide wane,  
     A garland of the flowers,  
 That will the chilling cares assuage  
 That fall so oft on hoary age.

And these flowers are but seen  
 Upon the paths of those  
 Who from life's morning glean  
 The fruits that wisdom throws  
 Around their heads who dare to look  
 Unprejudiced on Nature's book.

"Learn wisdom," says the sage,  
 And they who read it find  
 On her enamelled page,  
 In unity combined,  
 The charms that waft us to that clime  
 Where Reason's ever in her prime.

"On reason build resolve,"  
 So sung a bard of fame,  
 And while the years revolve,  
 In which we share life's game,  
 Let men on it their standards rear,  
 And falsehood soon will find a bier.

### THE CONTRAST.

When a' aroun' is white wi' snaw,  
 An' frosty win's are thin an' caul',  
 Wha wadna pity's tears let fa'  
 For those wha bide their chilling thrall;  
 An' mony a ane that's frail and auld  
 Now shiver on a pickle straw,  
 Wha's youthfu' days Joy used to fauld  
 In pleasures Time has ta'en awa.

When Poverty, the waefu' faced!  
 On manhood casts her cheerless eye,  
 The golden dreams will be effaced  
 That gilded Hope's ance azure sky.  
 A tear upon the cheek may lie  
 Where aft the smile o' joy has been,  
 And in the breast unused to sigh,  
 Care's wasting troubles may convene.

And toiling man in life's gay morn  
 Is aften doomed want's pangs to feel,  
 While those wha look on toil wi' scorn,  
 Down pleasure's path may headlong reel;  
 And days and years we know reveal  
 That nought but misery and tears  
 They reap, whose aim's the public weal—  
 Whose toil the social fabric rears.

What wakes within the poor man's breast  
 The fond, fond wish, the ardent prayer,  
 That he when aged may find rest,  
 And comfort's bland endearments share?  
 'Tis Nature, who with gen'rous care  
 Implants the warm desire that he  
 Who labour's heavy load must bear,  
 Within his reach its fruits should see.

But, ah! the cheerless hearth too well  
 Declares the suff'rings they endure,  
 Who must the ranks of labour swell,  
 And be what tyrants make them—poor.

Yet lives there one who would abjure  
 The poor man's state, to fawn on those  
 Whose sordid gold, whose deeds impure,  
 Of mankind have made mankind's foes.

If such exists, pray for his soul  
 Who dares humanity debase,  
 By putting under man's control  
 What can alone his nature raise  
 Above vile slavery's foul ways,  
 His mind, the image of his God,  
 Because some lordly *thing* repays  
 His cringings with a distant nod.

And who are those to whom they bow  
 With such profound humility?  
 A knavish race to whom we owe  
 The word respectability,  
 Which they translate agility  
 In getting on the public's back  
 By low assumed civility,  
 Then galling it to death, in fact.

And long and dark has been the way,  
 The toiling man has had to bear  
 The load oppressors still repay  
 With always taking precious care  
 That they shall have the lion's share  
 Of what has been produced by Toil,  
 Tho' they who furnish forth the fare  
 Should starve in hovels damp and vile.



See yonder lordly *thing* of clay  
 Who in his chariot rolls along,  
 In luxury he spends the day,  
 The pampered drones of earth among.  
 Night comes with all the soul of song,  
 And pours upon his ravished ear  
 The strains that echo will prolong  
 Beyond wild revelry's loud cheer.

He slumbers on a downy bed,  
 His ready menials wait his call,  
 And on his ample board are spread  
 The sweets that should be shared by all.  
 His horse stands ready in the stall  
 To bear him to the fete or chase,  
 And beauty smiles in bower or hall,  
 The presence of his *Grace* to *grace*.

And what have such *things* done that they  
 The only joys of life should share ?  
 The story's easy told : they play  
 At cards, and sometimes catch a hare ;  
 Nay more, they'll o'er their bottles dare  
 Talk with contempt of Misery,  
 And 'mid unhallowed orgies swear  
 Toil *should* be kept in poverty.

Now let us visit Labour's cells,  
 And see the comforts they contain ;  
 And surely smiling Plenty dwells  
 With those who add to her domain.

Ah! no, the weary look in vain  
 For what by right is theirs alone,  
 While those who toil not deeply drain  
 The sweets that Toil should *make* her own.

Man in the pride of strength may bear  
 The ills that penury imparts,  
 But Age comes hurrying on, and Care  
 Stands ready with his poisoned darts,  
 To lacerate the aching hearts  
 Of those who on life's verge must see,  
 That in despite of all their arts  
 Toil's sun must set in misery.

An almshouse may its noxious gates  
 Unbar, life's bitter dregs to shade,  
 But pampered Wealth has said—"Poor's rates  
 Must by the working class be paid,  
 Because such things are for *their* aid,  
 Not mine—*my* comforts are secure;  
 But lest the *cannaille* me upbraid,  
 I'll give a trifle to the poor."

O! Wealth, where would *your* comforts be,  
 If Toil no longer would apply  
 Her hands to honest industry,  
 Your selfish cravings to supply?  
 With her in Hunger's arms you'd lie;  
 Nor would your *noble blood* find grace  
 With one who looks with equal eye  
 On prince and peasant, rags and lace.

Yet, if a poor man wanders near  
 The pile that opes its gates to you,  
 How humble must his gait appear,  
 If you by chance should cross his view?  
 He knows *his caste* dares not walk through  
 The fair domains you proudly claim,  
 So, hat in hand, must make his *boo*,  
 And sink his meanness in his shame.

But will his *booing* avail  
 In softening the souls of those  
 Whose barks glide on before the gale  
 That too, too partial Fortune blows?  
 Ah! no, too well tired Labour knows  
 The highway is the place where he,  
 At rosy dawn, or evening's close,  
 The vast cerulean arch dares see.

And yet the lawns that sweetly smile  
 Within Oppression's wide domain,  
 Were levelled by the hands of Toil  
 For those who look with proud disdain  
 On whome'er wears the hated stain  
 Of Labour. Possibly 'tis right.  
 If men are willing to maintain  
 Such things—God pity them. Good night.

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## A DETERMINED CREDITOR..

Published in the *Reformer's Gazette*, and 2d Series of the *Lays of St Mungo*.

A composition! Not one atom less  
 Will I accept of than my bonds express :  
 Skin, marrow, muscle, bone, from all I crave,  
 For which, 'tis true, I promise all a grave,  
 In which my friend Decomposition lies,  
 Who me with future debtors still supplies—  
 Who must in person, as in duty bound,  
 Produce me twenty shillings in the pound ;  
 So trust not to the doctor's boasted art ;  
 Will his indorsement turn aside this dart ?  
 No! Fate has written all the bond must pay,  
 And Time, my messenger, makes no delay.  
 Care for a season may avert my blow,  
 But Care himself before me will lie low.  
 Then husband well what of your lease remains ;  
 The moon that's full to-night to-morrow wanes,  
 And man in Health's round arms to-day may shine,  
 Yet ere to-morrow's dawn may sleep in mine.  
 So spake the sov'reign arbiter of breath.  
 Reader! ye owe him one—his name is Death.

## ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

I'll sing of Sleep, within whose balmy arms  
 The toil-worn rustic finds so many charms,  
 That morning scarce can rouse him from his dreams,  
 Where life a paradise of pleasure seems—  
 Where fancy in her air-blown car enjoys  
 The visions sad reality destroys.

Nor is it round the toiling race alone  
 Her all-infolding leaden arms are thrown :  
 The rich amid their pleasures, and the gay,  
 With willing hearts confess her sov'reign sway,  
 As on their downy beds their forms they place,  
 To cull fresh vigour from her soft embrace.  
 But, Sleep! thy worth the weary-worn best know,  
 For dear to them's the blessings ye bestow,  
 When from their rugged task, at close of day,  
 Their worn-out frames within thine arms they lay,  
 And thro' the lonely watches of the night,  
 Forget that Time will in his rapid flight  
 Arouse them from their slumbers, to renew  
 The toils that, Sleep! they never see in you.  
 The belted knight may in life's giddy round  
 With choicest viands see his table crowned,  
 And o'er the ruddy wine, 'mid deaf'ning din  
 And midnight orgies, death's dark ground-work spin,  
 Or in the minstrel's stirring themes may join,  
 And round young Love fresh leaves of laurel twine ;  
 But midnight's hour like noon's will pass away,  
 And revelry abjures the god of day :  
 In darkness has she fixed her ebon throne,  
 Or artificial lights but grace her zone,  
 That shrink whene'er the sun's refulgent light  
 Reveals the vales that lay concealed in night ;  
 Then to their downy beds will men repair,  
 Thy soft endearing joy, O! Sleep, to share,  
 Who stole from sober night, o'er rosy wine,  
 The hours that, Sleep! true wisdom would make thine.  
 But will the sons of revelry repose  
 Within thy soft embrace as calm as those

Who, bent with toil, retire at ev'ning's hour  
 To gather strength in thy refreshing bower?  
 Ah! no, their jaded forms, 'tis true, may lie  
 In what seems sleep to the unpractised eye;  
 But they who study Nature and obey  
 Her sacred mandates, know what they must pay  
 Who give to riot and debauch the hours  
 That only should acknowledge, Sleep! thy powers.  
 The fevered pulse will ne'er the treasures reap  
 That they rejoice in who devote to sleep  
 The hours o'er which her sable web Night throws,  
 'Neath which Toil finds both refuge and repose.  
 O! Sleep, the tyrant may attempt thy charms,  
 And drunkards long to lie within thine arms,—  
 The sons of riot may go home and try,  
 When Nature calls for aid, with thee to lie,—  
 But moans and tossings to and fro declare  
 How little of thy precious sweets they share.  
 But, Sleep! when o'er our smiling vales are spread  
 Night's shades, and day to western climes has fled,  
 With what delight the peasant will lie down,  
 His frugal supper o'er, in thee to drown  
 Remembrance of the toils he's doomed to bear,  
 A scanty portion of earth's fruits to share.  
 But while unconscious of life's cares he lies,  
 Unfettered will his freeborn fancy rise  
 O'er scenes reality will never see,  
 For they ne'er had a place, Sleep! save in thee.  
 When winter's gurdy storms sweep o'er the plain,  
 And streams and fields are gorged with sleet and rain—  
 When trees are bare, when flowers no longer bloom,  
 And short-lived day his race has run in gloom,—

The weary-worn within their beds of straw  
 May revel in the joys wealth never saw—  
 May bask in sunshine, or in shade repose,  
 Forgetting ill-paid Labour and her woes ;  
 But morning comes, and the gay dreams are fled  
 That made a paradise of Labour's bed,  
 While cheerless prospects stretch before her eye,  
 That she must measure, or in Want's arms lie.  
 O! Wealth, if but a tithe to you were known,  
 'Neath which the millions born to labour groan,  
 Your heart—if there's a heart within your frame—  
 Would shudder at the rights you dare to claim.  
 Have not the weary wights who till the soil,  
 Or weave the webs, as good a right to smile  
 O'er the rich viands that great Nature's hand  
 Has, for the good of all, spread o'er each land,  
 As those who nothing do but eat and drink,  
 Till in oblivion's turgid stream they sink ?  
 They have ; tho' tyrants have in every age  
 (As all may read on history's sad page)  
 Compelled the useful class to be the slaves  
 Of those whom common sense adjudges knaves.  
 And history to future ages will,  
 When speaking of the present times, reveal  
 To all posterity, that those whose toil  
 Makes the brown heaths with flowers and verdure smile,  
 Are still the subjects of their iron sway,  
 Who like themselves ere long will pass away,  
 To sleep the sleep where dreams no more intrude  
 To break the stillness of death's solitude.  
 O! Sleep, when in thy downy arms we rest,  
 And cares no more lie heavy on the breast—

When recollections of life's varied woes  
 Are buried in the stream that yields repose,—  
 We reck not of the sleep that soon will throw  
 An everlasting shade o'er weal and woe—  
 That will the head that wears a crown consign  
 To rot with those who but on offal dine.  
 But come it will ; a few short years will lay  
 The starved and pampered in one common clay,  
 Where worms the putrid carcases will test,  
 And own, when all are eaten, all are best.  
 Wealth may thro' life unnumbered pleasures reap,  
 But all are equal in death's dreamless sleep.

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#### DONALD'S TALE.

Auld Donald, wha was servant lang  
 Unto the great Argyle,  
 Wha faught at Shirramoor wi' Marr,  
 Wha came our rights to spoil,  
 Aft tauld the queerest stories o'  
 What fell beneath his e'e,  
 When wi' the Duke. I'll sing you ane  
 He aft has sung to me.

“ Dark was te night, te rain fell fast,  
 Te turn-em-spike was lang,  
 An' loud, loud roar't te thunder,  
 Te big black cluds amang ;  
 Te lightning gleamed along te hills,  
 An' shewed us a' te trees,  
 An' muckle, muckle I did fear,  
 'Twad set them in a pleeze.



" On sic a night te great Argyle,  
     My noble master dear,  
 Was posting on to Lon'on town,  
     Her nanesel' in his rear.  
 Nae cheering light frae winnock gleamed  
     For mony a weary mile,  
 Or soon beside it ye'd hae seen  
     Te great Tuke o' Argyle.

" For, och! but we were weary men,  
     An' droukit sair were we,  
 An' teil a man on a' te road  
     That night my een could see.  
 Far, far we rade, an' farer still  
     That night we boost to ride,  
 If some kin' saul hadna a house  
     Built shust by te roadside.

" We saw it as te eagle sees  
     Te lamb it means to eat,  
 An' soon within its wa's we stood  
     Secure frae win an' weet.  
 Te house turned out to be an inn,  
     Which pleased me to a hair,  
 For I was needfu' o' a dram,  
     An' had a plack to spare.

" Te fire was a' that I could wish,  
     Te house was clean an' neat,  
 An' shune beside baith beef an' beer  
     I had a pleasant seat.

Te landlady, a buxom dame,  
 Aye brocht te tither gill,  
 An' soon I had, without a doubt,  
 O' meat an' drink my fill.

“ His grace within the parlour sat,  
 O'er bacon an' sirloin,  
 An' now an' then wad weet his throat  
 Wi' waughts o' bluid-red wine.  
 No ane in a' te house kent what  
 We strangers were ava,  
 Yet decently they brocht us in  
 Whate'er we liked to ca'.

“ Our tartans tauld we cam' frae whare  
 Te thistle proudly waves,  
 In vales where Scotland's foes have still  
 For laurels found but graves.  
 It chanced that night twa English loons  
 Had sought the self-same inn,  
 Wha were, shust like oursel's, we saw,  
 Wet to the verra skin.

“ Their claes wi' gowd an' lace were daubed,  
 Their words were unca fine—  
 No like the words we used to hear  
 Amang our hills langsyne.  
 Their whisperings an' queerish looks  
 Made me begin to fear  
 They meant to play me some sly trick  
 That might hae cost them dear ;

" For at my side a braid sword hung,  
     An' my right arm was strang,  
 As some folk fan at Shirramoor,  
     That sided wi' the wrang.  
 I watched them wi' an eagle's e'e,  
     When ane o' them arose  
 An' said, ' Frien', ye hae travelled far,  
     I see by your soiled hose ;

" ' We've travelled far te night oursel's,  
     An' fain te hours wad ken,  
 As we maun aye, for conscience' sake,  
     Be in our beds by ten.  
 We ha'e a watch, an' yet ye see  
     We dinna ken te hours,  
 So it will greatly us oblige  
     If that master o' yours

" ' Wad tell us what o'clock it is ;  
     This watch shust let him saw,  
 An' then we'll ken gif we ha'e time  
     The tither dram to ca'.'  
 Te rascal scarcely could contain  
     Te laugh that filled his heart,  
 For roun' his lips an' een it played,  
     In spite o' a' his art.

" I saw te bottom o' te joke  
     Te shentleman wad play,  
 But weel I kent what way te Tuke  
     Te insult wad repay.

They doubtless thocht that hielandmen  
 Might ken o' swords an' dirks,  
 But o' thae things they watches ca',  
 Kent nae mair than te stirks.

" But hielandmen ken black frae white  
 As weel as ither folk,  
 As they sometimes fin' out wha try  
 To palm on them a joke.  
 I took te watch, an' to his Grace  
 Wi' right gudewill I gaed,  
 Quite sure te chiels wad soon fin' out  
 Te error they had made.

" His Grace was sitting by te fire,  
 A paper in his han',  
 And on te table lay te sword  
 He aftentimes had drawn.  
 He leukt straight in my face, then said,  
 ' Weel, Donald, what's ado ?'  
 Quo' I, ' Your Grace, twa English loons  
 A message sends to you.

" ' This braw gold watch they bade me tak'  
 Ben to your noble sel',  
 An' bade me ask if ye te hours  
 To them wad rightly tell ;  
 But, weel-a-wat, they ken te hours  
 As weel as you, I ween,  
 But think, as we frae Scotland came,  
 We ne'er a watch ha'e seen.'

" A smile played on his Grace's face,  
 But in that smile there lay  
 A something that told plain to me  
 He wad te joke repay.  
 ' Give me te watch,' he rising said,  
 ' I'll soon tell them te hours,  
 And Donald, if I'm no mista'en,  
 Te watch will soon be yours.'

" He took te watch, his sword he drew,  
 An' soon he fan te place  
 Whare sat te rogues wha dared presume  
 A Scotchman to disgrace.  
 He fan them sitting o'er a jug  
 O' that vile trash ca'd yill,  
 An' boldly march't to them without  
 Ance saying, what's your will.

" ' Who claims this watch?' were the first words  
 Upon their ears that broke, '  
 An' soon their e'en declared they saw  
 They had played a wrang joke.  
 ' Who claims this watch?' he cried again,  
 ' The man I want to see,  
 Who dares presume, without a cause,  
 To crack his jokes on me.'

" But no ; his Grace's gallant mein,  
 Te gude bradsword he bore,  
 Kept them as mute as if te watch  
 They ne'er had seen before.

‘What! is there none the thing to claim,  
 Then, Donald, it is yours,  
 And he who dares dispute your right,  
 This weapon’s edge insures.’

“Within my han’s he put te prize,  
 I clutcht it wi’ delight,  
 While they wha sent it to his grace,  
 Clutcht but a mortal fright.  
 They feared that had they claimed te watch,  
 Their bluid micht hae been spilt,  
 An’ so its mine, an’ I will wear’t  
 As lang’s I wear a kilt.

“Frae this let ane an’ a’ beware,  
 Wha watches ha’e—their ain—  
 To speir the hours shust at themsel’s,  
 If them they wad retain.  
 Gude pless te Tuke!—may nae fause frien’  
 Our hearts frae him trepan,  
 Wha frightet sae the loons wha daured  
 Insult a hielandman.”

#### AN AULD MAN’S ADDRESS TO HIS SPECTACLES.

Weel, frien’—for I maun ca’ you frien’—  
 Wi’ pride thro’ you I aft ha’e seen,  
 In books, what my twa sair-worn een,  
     Without your aid,  
 Could ne’er ha’e read—for Time his screen  
     Has on them laid.

O! cheerless wad my ev'nings be,  
 If I hadna the use o' thee,  
 Wha has the art o' letting me  
     Read what they wrote,  
 Whase names far distant times will see  
     On fame afloat.

Without thee, Shakspeare's matchless plays  
 Wad be to me lost in the haze  
 That time on mán's declining days  
     Remorseless spreads,  
 And leaves on vacancy to gaze,  
     The hoary heads.

O! weary must their days have been,  
 Wha lived ere gems like thee were seen,  
 Whase light adds vigour to men's e'en,  
     An' lets them see  
 How art can from ev'n pebbles glean  
     The like o' thee.

Yet centuries had rolled o'er earth  
 Ere fertile genius gave them birth,  
 Wha now is seen by ev'ry hearth  
     In ev'ry land,  
 An' time will ne'er thy fame—thy worth,  
     Cease to expand.

Youth wi' contempt may look on thee,  
 An' brag about a sparkling e'e,  
 But a few years will let him see,  
     I'll wad a groat,  
 That his twa e'en, bright tho' they be,  
     These years will blot.

In youth thro' flowery vales we stray,  
 To cull the flowers that bloom in May,  
 But Time is ever on the way

To waft us where  
 Hope's air-blown promises decay  
 'Neath loads o' care.

The oak, as weel's the blushing rose,  
 To his resistless mandate bows,  
 And days and years alike disclose

To auld and young,  
 That none the arrow can oppose  
 That he has flung.

Men's thews an' sinews shrink before  
 The power that wafts them to that shore  
 Where friends they loved in days of yore

Have found a bourne,  
 That all are fated to explore,  
 Ne'er to return.

And I now in the vale of years,  
 With trembling step the portal nears,  
 Thro' which nae ray o' sunshine cheers

The dreary spot,  
 Where joys and griefs—where hopes and fears  
 Are all forgot.

And when I reach that land, nae mair  
 Will I require thine aid, for there  
 All living things are doomed to share

Oblivion's gloom,  
 Beneath which aft the young and fair  
 Have found a tomb.



That all will find ; but while I'm here  
 I'll do the best I can to cheèr  
 The passing hours, and when thou'rt near—  
     My valued spec's—  
 Care ne'er will frae me wring a tear,  
     Whate'er she recks.

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A SON OF ST. CRISPIN'S PETITION TO  
 PARLIAMENT.

Ye dukes an' lords wha rule this land,  
 An' ha'e its fruits at your command—  
 Ye commoners wha lang ha'e planned  
     Yoursel's to raise  
 Aboon the race wha weel has scanned  
     Your selfish ways,—

Ye mak' the laws we must obey,  
 For nane your doings dare gainsay,  
 Or if they try't, some future day  
     May see them laid  
 Beneath a headsman's ax to pay  
     For what they said.

'Tis true a' classes ha'e the right  
 To meet an' speak in braid daylight  
 About how weel ye keep in sight  
     The loaves an' fishes,  
 An' gie the weary toil-worn wight  
     But empty dishes.


Petitions doubtless ye receive  
 Frae those wha meet sic things to weave;  
 But if they touch on what ye cleave  
                   Sae firmly to,  
 Wi' jeering scorn ye quickly heave  
                   Them frae your view.

But ye'll no get ae word frae me  
 About your pomp or pedigree;—  
 It's o' what Crispin's sons maun dree  
                   I mean to speak,  
 Since men began o'er earth to flee  
                   By force o' reek.

I mind it weel in bye-gane days,  
 When men on foot wad climb the braes,  
 Frae which wi' pleasure they wad gaze  
                   On flowery vales,  
 Without the aid o' train or chaise—  
                   Thae moving jails.

Then Crispin's sons raise wi' the lark,  
 An' wrought awa' till it was dark,  
 For then they had as muckle wark  
                   As they could do,  
 That kept them far aboon the mark  
                   They aim at now.

For, at the time I speak o', men  
 Wha had a day or twa to spen',  
 Wad on some hill, or in some glen,  
                   Fin' out a road,  
 That soon wad holes mak' in the ben'  
                   On which they trod,



But now-a-days men wad as soon  
 Gang to their beds, tho' it was noon,  
 As travel to a neebor town,

For fear that they  
 Wad soil wi' dust their weel-brushed shoon  
 While on the way.

So, let the day be foul or fair,  
 To railway stations they repair,  
 An's hurried aff by steam to where,  
 Ye needna doubt,  
 Their shoon are just as gude's they were  
 When they set out.

Now, lords an' commoners, ye'll see,  
 Wi' half a glance, as weel as me,  
 That if trains are allowed to flee  
 Frae coast to coast,  
 St. Crispin's sons to poverty  
 Must yield the ghost.

I therefore humbly you beseech  
 Wi' speed to pass an edict which  
 Will a' railway contractors teach  
 What they should do,  
 For those wha, ere a meal can reach,  
 Maun mak' a shoe.

Tell them that men must ne'er again  
 Be seen within a railway train,  
 Unless the owners yearly drain—  
 Should they prove tons—  
 The shoes that in the shops remain  
 O' Crispin's sons.

Nay, more—let them be told, if they  
 Give any of these shoes away  
 To friend or foe, that they must pay,  
     In shape o' cash,  
 What will compel them to obey  
     Law's dreaded lash.

Then Crispin's sons again will see,  
 Wi' hearts elate, on ilka knee  
 A boot or shoe, o'er which wi' glee,  
     The hale day lang,  
 They'll lean, an' cheer their bairnies wi'  
     Some canty sang.

Hear then my prayer, and in our isle  
 The *gentle craft* may o'er their toil  
 Wi' blythsome hearts be seen to smile,  
     Because they'll ken  
 That all must travel and soon spoil  
     The best o' ben.

And if you pass this act, wi' pride  
 St. Crispin's sons will on your side,  
 Like roset on a tanned cow's hide,  
     Be seen to stick ;  
 If not—may Time on his fleet tide  
     Waft you to Nick.

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## WALLACE'S TREE.

The tree! the tree of Elderslie  
 Is fading fast, 'tis true,  
 And soon will spring—I grieve to sing—  
 Its leaves cease to renew.  
 Stern winter's storm o'er its rough form  
 For centuries has raved,  
 But still the tree, we love to see,  
 Time's march has nobly braved.

And where's the Scot, whate'er's his lot,  
 Who honours not his tree,  
 Whose matchless brand swept from our land  
 The foes of liberty?  
 And while on thee, thou honoured tree,  
 The leaves of spring are seen,  
 Fame will entwine his name with thine,  
 Whom Time will aye keep green.

Then hail to thee, thou old oak tree,  
 Long, long may time thee spare,  
 To wear the name that laurelled Fame  
 Our Wallace gave to wear.  
 And while yon dome, where meteors roam,  
 Attracts the wand'rer's eye,  
 Will Wallace be, by Fame's decree,  
 A name that ne'er will die.

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## ODE FOR BURNS'S ANNIVERSARY.

Published in the Appendix to Blackie & Son's splendid edition of *Burns's Works*.

“ Han’ me that book a wee, gudewife, I think its Robin  
Burns,  
Whase lines excite within our breasts such mirth and  
grief by turns;  
And while we’re sitting by the fire I’ll read a page or  
twa,  
That will to bedtime banish sleep, and wear the night  
awa.

“ I’ll read thee how John Anderson’s auld wife his worth  
would praise,  
Or how the Twa Dogs talkt o’ men, and weel they kent  
their ways,  
Or how Death in his rage wad rail ’gainst Hornbook  
and his crew  
For doing to our race the thing that he himsel’ should  
do.

“ Or will I read you what Bruce sang when England’s  
gathered might  
Appeared on Bannockburn’s famed field, arrayed in  
armour bright,  
To twine the thistle with the rose without the thistle’s  
leave,  
For which, as every Scotsman kens, England had cause  
to grieve.

“ Or will I read that darker page, how hapless man  
maun dree  
The ills that wait on hoary eild when joined to poverty;

It aft has tears brought frae thine e'e, when o'er the  
words that burn,  
Thou leaned to hear, my gude auld wife, how Man was  
made to Mourn."

"Just ope the volume where ye please," the gude auld  
wife replied,  
"There's no a page within its boards but ye ha'e aften  
tried;  
And I ha'e listened wi' delight to Robin's gleefu'  
tales,  
Whase words spread gladness o'er the heart, and Na-  
ture's face unveils.

"The Mouse; wha cared about a mouse till Robin's  
mouse appeared,  
An' saw its wee bit housie wreck't, that wi' sic pains  
it reared;  
And, O! in what a thrilling tone has Robin sung its  
waes,  
When frae its wee biel forced to rin an' skulk amang  
its faes.

"Or Tam O'Shanter, O! gudeman, I've read it ten  
times owre,  
And aften fancy to mysel' poor Tammie's wilyart  
glower,  
When gazing on the "towsie tyke" that played the  
pipes sae weel,  
That supple Nancy scorned to rest, and joined in every  
reel.

" The Mountain Daisy ; yes ! try it, I ne'er heard  
 ought sae fine,  
 There's beauty in the verra words, there's truth in  
 every line ;  
 And ever since I heard it read, I ne'er the wee things  
 see,  
 But I ha'e min' o' Burns, an' they are dearer far to  
 me.

" Some soulless sumphs may cock their snouts at what  
 our bard has said,  
 But ere his words are lost, our vales, our verra hills  
 will fade ;  
 His lines live in each Scotsman's heart, are woven in  
 his tongue,  
 And generations yet unborn will see his fame still  
 young.

" Thae sumphs may think they're doing right, but  
 wiser folk ken weel,  
 They ken nae mair o' Nature's warks than my auld  
 spinning wheel,  
 Or would they dare to slight the book that to the mind  
 imparts  
 The charms that elevate the soul and tranquilize our  
 hearts.

" Then ope the volume where ye please, ye canna gang  
 far wrang,  
 Tho' ye should read Glencairn's Lament, or lilt some  
 canty sang ;



We've read the hale o' them before, we'll read them  
yet by turns,  
For naething comes amiss to me that comes frae Robin  
Burns."

No spake the gude auld wife, and we wha worship at  
his shrine  
Will sing wi' joy the strains that make his name almost  
divine ;  
Then loudly toast his deathless name ! it dark oblivion  
spurns,  
Till Echo 'mid her rocks forget to echo aught but  
Burns.

## WRITTEN FOR BURNS'S ANNIVERSARY.

*Printed in the Glasgow Examiner.*

Wha hasna heard o' Burns, whase sangs an' glees, by  
turns,

Each Scot triumphant learns ere his boyhood's away ?  
Fame round his head has twined the wreaths that Time  
will find

To his last minutes joined, they will never decay.

He gave our streams to song, and old and young will  
long

By Doon be seen to throng—it is blent with his  
name,

Whase strains for ever will in Scotchmen's breasts instil  
What will their bosoms thrill and make cheery each  
hame.

His youth was spent wi' toil on the sunny shores o'  
 Kyle,  
 Yet no bard in Britain's isle has acquired more re-  
 nown ;  
 For 'tis not here alone that the name of Burns is known,  
 Far beyond the torrid zone on Fame's breath it has  
 flown.

England can a Shakspeare boast, who was in himself  
 a host,  
 Whose great name will ne'er be lost, it is blended  
 wi' time ;  
 And Milton in his might to Parnassus winged his flight,  
 And on its dizzy height wove the loftiest rhyme.

Old Homer sprung from Greece, and he there obtained  
 the lease  
 Of a name that ne'er will cease to be valued, we  
 know ;  
 And Italy with pride saw her Virgil dare the tide  
 Where the sons of Fame preside o'er its ambient  
 flow.

These treasured names will long stand foremost in the  
 throng  
 Of the bright sons of Song, each oblivion spurns ;  
 And Scotland now can claim the right to place a name  
 Among these sons of Fame—'tis her ain Robin Burns.

LINES WRITTEN FOR BURNS'S ANNI-  
VERSARY, FEBRUARY, 1850.

Wha hasna heard o' bonny Doon,  
Whase "banks an' braes" men will revere,  
While time wi' our auld earth gaes roun',  
An' Scotland can a thistle rear.  
For on its banks a bard o' fame,  
In rapt emotion aft would stray,  
To weave the lays that blends its name  
To sangs that ne'er will know decay.

Lang had it wandered to the sea  
Thro' vales, unnoticed and unknown,  
Till Burns arose, then Melody  
Stood forth and claimed it as her own.  
And now in cot and lordly ha',  
By young and auld the Doon is sung,  
And Scotland lang will crouselly craw  
O' him wha to the lyre it strung.

Short was his race on life's rough stage,  
But on his track the pearls lie,  
That Fame inscribed has on her page  
In colours that will Time defy.  
And while the Doon rolls to the sea,  
Thro' vales and level lawns by turns,  
Its name, its fame inscribed will be  
Around the brow o' Robin Burns.

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WRITTEN FOR BURNS'S ANNIVERSARY,  
JANUARY, 1852.

Time wrote no wrinkles on his brow  
Who gave our hills and vales to fame—  
Who won, while following the plough,  
A hallowed, a ne'er-dying name.  
In manhood's prime death laid him low,  
But Fame around his name has twined  
The wreaths that will, while oceans flow,  
To Scotland's darling bard be joined.

The cot where first he saw the light  
Still stands, and men of high degree  
From distant lands come with delight  
The humble domicile to see.  
Unnoticed Doon for ages rolled  
Thro' sylvan vales, but now its name  
On ev'ry Scotsman's heart is scrolled,  
And floats far on the wings of Fame.

But where is he whose magic lyre  
Our hills and vales to music wove,  
Who poured into our breasts the fire  
That lights the soul to peace and love?  
He lies beneath the sod, the bard  
Whose matchless lays oblivion spurns;  
And Time to his last hour will guard  
The name! the fame! of Robin Burns.

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## ADDRESS TO WHISKY.

O! whisky, whisky, who would sing of thee?  
 Rank foe to ev'ry virtue under heaven,  
 Thy triumphs are but gleams of devils' glee,  
 Thy gifts, domestic peace to ruin driven.  
 Thy slaves may make the tavern's ceiling ring  
 With the loud laugh, but, ah! 'twill soon be o'er,—  
 Remorse with frenzied eye is on the wing,  
 To mingle poison with the drunkard's roar.  
 Go view their homes where haply sit forlorn  
 The sharers of their misery and woe,  
 Whose eyes betray what griefs their souls have torn,  
 Whose tears o'er pallid cheeks unbidden flow.  
 What a contrast it forms to those whose care  
 Is round the holy hearth the joys to twine,  
 Which yield the sweets that only good men share,  
 And makes life seem a thing almost divine.  
 But, see! they stagger home; but where have fled  
 The smiles that lighted up the noisy hall?  
 Gone with their hard won gains to those whose trade  
 Is vending what yields purchasers but gall.  
 Ah! had they dreamed, when round the board they met  
 To drain the cup that caution would despise,  
 That underneath drink's smile lies hid the net  
 That drags its victims to the land of sighs,  
 They would have fled its presence, and sought where  
 The olive branch of love and peace is spread,  
 And leaned beneath its shade the sweets to share  
 They ne'er enjoy who folly's mazes tread.  
 And till all mad'ning liquors are consigned  
 To dark oblivion, man will ever be

The slave to vices that are sure to bind  
 His future years to dreaded poverty.  
 Then let men rise and from their tables throw  
 The poisoned drug, and soon from ev'ry hearth  
 The smile of happiness will banish woe,  
 And peace, and love, and joy have second birth.


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### THE GLASS!

*Printed in the Paisley Advertiser.*

The glass! the magic glass! let virtue fly,  
 For vice runs riot in its sparkling hue,  
 And want and discord in its precincts lie,  
 Who with fell speed its votaries pursue:  
 A smiling home the drunkard never knew,  
 For woe and desolation jointly reign,  
 Where'er inebriation's dizzy crew  
 To folly's reckless steed yields up the rein,  
 That they foul fermentation's deadly draughts may  
 drain.

Go view the den where dissipation's laugh  
 Is echoed but by tuns, within which lie  
 The liquid-mischief fools alone will quaff—  
 Whose noxious exhalations taint the sky;  
 Yet, ah! how many starving children cry  
 For lack of food, whose sires, with heartless glee,  
 In revelry's lewd haunts the poisons buy,  
 With what should furnish for their progeny  
 The joys that ne'er within a drunkard's home we see,



And yet these very men will loudly rail  
 Against taxation as their greatest foe,  
 Tho' taxes are but minnows to a whale,  
 Compared to what drink robs them of, we know.  
 Why will they not then the vile draught forego,  
 Whose fruits are seen in rags and bloodshot eyes,  
 And glean where summer's vernal breezes blow  
 The flowers that Nature's gentle hand supplies  
 To those who seek her smiles beneath her glowing skies.

Shun then the glass, within whose bosom lies  
 The hydra-headed monster Revelry,  
 Whose horrors Art may for a while disguise  
 Beneath the jest profane and ribaldry ;  
 But a few years unveils the mockery,  
 And Dissipation, haggard, lean, and bare,  
 Shrinks from the gaze of jocund Industry,  
 Whose roseate smiles proclaim the bliss they share  
 Who weave at home the joys Time's self will ne'er  
 impair.

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### SIR LOIN.

*Published in the Lays of St. Mungo.*

Sir Loin is a knight who is valued by all,  
 From the prince to the clown, from the throne to the  
 stall ;  
 His presence inspires us with dreams of delight,  
 And the whole of us bow to the powers of the knight.  
 Sir Loin fills the gap that lean hunger creates,  
 And nothing on earth he like poverty hates ;

He distends the broad chest, he makes merry the eye,  
And the nostrils expand when his huge form is nigh.

On china or delf when his knightship appears,  
A smile of true joy every face round him wears,  
For an island he seems in an ocean of juice,  
That his savoury sides have discharged for our use.

That we love him 'tis plain, for where'er he is placed,  
His presence with gaping admirers is graced ;  
The maids of our hearts we may take in our arms,  
But Sir Loin in our stomachs we bury thy charms.

Your woodcocks and salmons may boast they are game,  
And o'er mighty oxen a preference claim ;  
But tho' ocean and air to attempt it combine,  
They'll ne'er furnish aught to compare to Sir Loin.

Sir Loin thou'rt a knight of most noble degree,  
And bright shine the hours when we spend them with  
thee ;  
Then, O! crown our boards, and if health fills our veins,  
Leal subjects we'll be while Sir Loin o'er us reigns.

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### LABOUR'S DITTY.

WRITTEN IN THE MEMORABLE YEAR 1842.

*Printed in Howitt's Journal.*

When under poortith faulds we lie,  
Ah! how can we be cheery?  
Will joy e'er glisten in the eye  
That scans a prospect dreary?



And we ha'e lang wi' poortith lain,  
 And shared in a' her sorrows,  
 And lang, I fear, her coinless reign  
 Will dim our coming morrows.

Miss Commerce has withdrawn her smiles,  
 And wi' them a' our siller,  
 And tho' frae want the heart recoils,  
 We're fairly married till her ;  
 And, O ! within her cheerless wa's  
 Sad Discontent sits brooding  
 Wi' pale Disease, whase frequent ca's  
 She never thinks intruding.

Our clergy, pious souls ! say we  
 Should kiss the rod that smites us,  
 And humbly bow to his decree,  
 Wha to sic fare invites us ;  
 And when our rulers we invoke,  
 And tell them o' our state, sirs,  
 They treat the matter as a joke,  
 And han' us o'er to fate, sirs.

Yet a' the clergy e'er we saw,  
 Or rulers o' a nation,  
 Tak' precious care to keep awa  
 A lang mile frae starvation.  
 They tak' frae Toil what Toil should ne'er  
 Gae to the knaves a thraive o',  
 Till they had learned that earth to cheer  
 They lang ha'e made a grave o'.

## THE STEAM TONGUE.

The *Steam Tongue* has been repeated, amid shouts of applause, at several concerts, by Mr Goodlet, the celebrated comic-singer.

YE ha'e a' heard tell o' a steam leg, and I doubt na but the maist o' you ha'e heard tell o' a steam arm. Thae comic-singers ha'e made ye weel enough acquainted wi' thae kin' o' things, but I'm thinking there's ne vera mony o' ye acquainted wi' a steam tongue yet. It's true, the maist o' married men ken something about a tongue that's hung by the tae en'; but that's naething to compare to the steam tongue I'm gaun to tell ye about. Some o' you'll maybe ken a weaver that lives in the west en' o' Paisley they ca' Jock Slow; if no, it's nae great matter, only he's gae an' weel kent in the neeborhood that he belongs to. Noo, the auld saying, "Slow, but sure," might be vera weel applied to Jock, for he is never in a hurry, and yet he is just about as far firrit on Saturday at warehouse time as those wha are aye in a hurry. Like the maist part o' wise folk, Jock wasna in a hurry in takin' a wife, but he did tak' ane at the hin'er en' that made nae sma' noise in the warl'. For the first twa or three months after she was married she was just as mim as ony discreet wife needit to be; the steam was aff; the valves were a' open; and everything gaed on as smoothly as even a slower man than Jock Slow could ha'e wished. But this wasna to last for aye—the steam gaed on at last, and at siccan a rate, that to talk o' ony number o' horse power was out o' the question. Jock saw the storm that was brewin', and he had sense enough to ken that there was nae use in try-

ing to stop it; so he took good care never to gang intil his ain house except when he was hungry or sleepy, and as he had a drawboy, he sent him perpetually for the pirns. Weel, Janet (for they ca'd her Janet) had a resource left—she had neebors on the stairhead, and I assure you they came in for a full share o' what Jock escaped; but it was past a' endurance, and in about twa or three weeks after the steam was let on, the hale o' them flitted to a distant part o' the town; and a bit hielan' chiel that had opened a spirit shop in the same lan' was completely ruined, as no ane wad enter the vera door for fear they wad come in contact wi' Jock Slow's wife. Noo, I dinna say that the body was gi'en to flyting, she was only gi'en to talking; but then her talk poured frae her wi' as muckle velocity as the Clyde rushes o'er the Corra Linn. Ye a' ken that a body that's gi'en to talking is unca fond o' a listener, but as no ane wad enter Mrs Slow's house, her case was truly deplorable; and as Jock wrought constantly, the pirn wheel was keepit weel gaun, so that she had little or nae time to spare for the instruction o' her neebors. Weel, ae day when she was birring awa' at her wheel and thinking aboon her breath wi' a' her might, the door opened, an' wha should step in but the laird, to enquire at Janet the reason why the tenants had a' flitted before the term. Janet's een expanded wi' joy when she saw him enter, and before he had time to say, "Hoo are ye the day, Mrs Slow, and hoo is John," she was rubbing the stour aff the chair at the fireside wi' her apron, an' the next moment she was rinning on at the rate o' a first-rate steam coach, wi', "Come awa, laird, I'm glad to see you; there hasna a

living soul entered this house these gude wheen days till this vera moment, except our drawboy, an' as he's a dumbie, I might just as weel speak to that wheel as speak to him; and as for our Jock, he comes only at meal-time, an' then he gaups his meat in siccan a hurry that he would put you in min' o' a man filling dung; an' before I ha'e time to tell him the tenth part o' what I was gaun to say, he's down the stair as fast as if I wasna worth listening to. An' then on the Sabbath days he's awa' to the kirk a gude while before the bells begin to ring, an' he walks hame frae it sae slow, that I'm sure he kens every causey stane between this house an' the kirk by headmark; an' then for ev'ning sermons, if there's ane within the hale bounds o' the town he's sure to be at it. No that I'm saying that it's an ill thing to gang to the kirk, but then folk should stay at hame and listen to their wives whiles." "But, Mrs Slow —" "Dinna interrup' me, laird, I canna thole to be interrup't, it drives me clean out o' my story, an' I'm no ane that wants to cast awa words. By-the-bye, ye'll be come to speak about some repairs likely; weel, I can tell ye onything that the house needs better than ye can tell yoursel'; ye're no vera aften here, ye ken, an' houses like ither things need to be lookit after, or there's nae saying what'll be the consequence. Weel, thae twa winnocks there wadna be the waur o' a wee hair o' sorting; so if ye wad just sen' a painter, an' gar him put a penny or tippence worth o' white lead on them, the house wad leuk a gude deal lightsomer, an' I wad ha'e mair spirit to dight the stour aff the lozzens." I tell you, Mrs Slow —" "Ye needna tell me a word about it, laird; I wasna born yesterday to be tell't what

a house needs ; but ye're aye sae ready interrup'in' folk. I'll tell ye everything about it, an' I'll no taigle ye lang either : in an hour an' a half ye'll ken everything about it as weel as I ken mysel', an' ye canna say that's lang ; na, na, I hate lang-windit stories—I like to come to the point at ance, that's to say, if I'm no interrup't. That sneck, too, needs a little repair ; ye wad fin', as ye cam' in the day, that it's gae an' ill to open. Altho' our Jock's here every meal-hour he can hardly open't, but he's gae an' gleg at openin't when he's gaun out."

"'Od bless me, Mrs Slow —" "What's the matter wi' ye, laird ? I hope ye ha'ena corny taes ; if sae, I'm sorry for ye. I had twa the hale o' the last winter, that I got wi' wearing wee shoon ; thae shoemakers, for the sake o' half an inch o' leather, 'ill pin folks feet in a pair o' shoon the same as if they were in a vice, but they'll ha'e to answer for their greed some day, or it'll be a pity. Weel, the best thing ever I got for corny taes was a pickle raw catton, an' noo, when I think on't, I ha'e a wee pickle in the house, sae, if ye'll tak' aff your shoon an' stockings, I'll put a wee pickle to yer taes as cannily as ony doctor in the town. But we were speakin' about the house, I believe ; weel, just leuk at the corner o' that laft, it's as black's the ace o' spades ; noo, if ye wad sen' a sklater an' gar him examine't, he wad maybe put twa or three new sklates on the place that lets in the dampness, an' I can assure you, laird, it wad save me a great deal o' trouble an' gar the house leuk far mair fashiont like." "But what about yer neebors, Mrs Slow ? I cam' to speak —"

"Ye needna speak a word about them, laird ; ye didna live sa lang aside them as I did, or ye wad ha'e kent

better about them than ye do ; 'od they wad ha'e sitten on their seats for a hale day, an' never open't their mouths nae mair than if they had been a wheen corn sacks ; ye may be glad ye ha'e gotten sae easily quit o' them. An' noo when I think on't, as the hale lan's toom, could ye no come up an' live beside us yoursel' ? Yon's a gran' house that ye live in, an' it'll set gae an' readily, bein' sae near the Causeyside ; an' I'm sure that neither your wife, nor your daughter, nor ony o' the weans, 'ill weary when they're beside me ; I can sing, and I can crack as weel's ony." "'Od bless my soul, Mrs Slow — !" " Dinna be alarmed about a blessing, laird ; ye ha'e been a gude man a' your days, and if ye dinna get a blessing, mony a ane may be fear't. But I had amaist forgotten our bed ; just come intill't a wee an' see what a hole's been made in't wi' the plaister fa'ing doon." " Into the bed, Mrs Slow !" " Aye ! I'm no meanin' ony harm, laird ; twa minutes will do a' the job, an' ye can sen' Jamie Muir the plaisterer o'er the morn, an' I'se warrant ye he'll no be lang o' making a job o't." " I maun awa, Mrs Slow." " Awa', laird ! afore I hae spoken to ye ; 'od, ye're a queer man ! I tell't ye when I began that I wouldna be aboon an hour and a half wi' my story, an' ye maun awa' before I ha'e weel begun. Ye maybe think that I dinna read the newspapers, but I can assure ye that I do, sir ; and I can tell ye that it's no an uncommon thing in the House o' Commons for a man to speak four hours at a time ; noo, how wad ye like that ? you that canna listen to a tenant body for a trifling hour an' a half. I've seen the day —" " Gude day, Mrs Slow." " Weel, if that disna beat a' ! aff already !

the vera man I've been wishing to see these some days back, an' he winna stay to hear a word I ha'e to say. Weel, I'm no gaun to be tied up this gait like a prisoner in a jail by himsel', an' no ane to speak a word to me a' the hale day. I'll just carry my wheel down to our Jock's shop, an' I'll set it down at his loom stoop, and if I dinna gar the deafest side o' his head, as weel as that o' his shopmates, hear me, my name's no—Mrs Slow."

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### THE POWER OF TIME.

The pearly dew on yonder rose  
 The morning's sun will wile away ;  
 The oak that in the forest grows  
 Like it is fated to decay.  
 The sterile mountains in their pride  
 May heave their heads far in yon sky,  
 But some day 'neath the briny tide  
 In crumbling atoms they may lie.

Old ocean's waves o'er regions sweep,  
 Where flowers and fruits did once abound ;  
 And underneath the restless deep  
 The vales we tread may yet be found.  
 Times changes all !—The laughing eye  
 That brightens childhood's guileless face,  
 In a few years may wear the dye  
 In which the seeds of care we trace.

The youth thro' sunny hours may stray,  
 Unconscious that the days are near  
 When Time his tresses will turn grey,  
 Or lay him on a clay-cold bier.  
 Or if he reaches man's estate,  
 A few short years will lay him where  
 Stand wide the portals of that gate  
 Whose gloom we all are doomed to share.

Time changes all!—The iron frame  
 Must bend to his resistles sway,  
 Whose dart's still in its prime—whose name  
 Will but with matter pass away.  
 Time had grown grey long ere Balbec  
 Was built by persevering men,  
 And Time yet hurries o'er its wreck  
 As nimbly as he bounded then.

Time changes all!—The young, the gay  
 May meet to sip the sparkling wine,  
 And o'er the minstrel's stirring lay,  
 With merry hearts in plaudits join.  
 But youth beware—a few brief years  
 Will waft you to that cheerless clime  
 Where mirth gives place to sighs and tears,  
 And men are taught the power of Time.

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# LINES

WRITTEN ON READING IN THE *GLASGOW CITIZEN*  
OF 30<sup>TH</sup> SEPT. 1848, AN ARTICLE, ENTITLED, "A  
VISIT TO THE LAND OF TANNAHILL," BY H. M.D.

Printed in the *Glasgow Citizen*.

Weep not for Tannahill ; his lyre  
Will ne'er again be strung,  
Nor will these scenes again inspire  
The bard who oft them sung.

But Tannahill has reached the goal  
That few e'er reach, where Fame,  
Above oblivion's dark control,  
In light has stamp'd his name ;

And there, among the sons of Song,  
He sits with laurel crowned,  
And Scotland's hills and vales will long  
The tones he woke resound.

His master, Burns, with giant stride,  
Had reached the dizzy steep  
Where genius' sons, in modest pride,  
Unfading laurels reap.

And Tannahill, with eager eye,  
The stately pile surveyed,  
And fondly hoped at least to lie  
Beneath its cheering shade.

And nobly did our poet dare  
To won a laurelled crown,

And long the flowers will blossom fair  
That live in his renown.

Tho' "Loudon's bonny woods an' braes,"  
And "Stanley's birken shaw,"  
Should lay aside their summer claes,  
An' droop 'neath winter's snaw,

Their names will flourish in our land,  
As green as when the theme  
Of Tannahill, whose magic wand  
First wafted them to fame.

His "Bonny wood o' Craigie lea,"  
His "Jessie o' Dumblane,"  
Will match wi' ony melody  
Auld Scotland ca's her ain.

Then, Scotchmen, weep not for the bard;  
He now has gained a name,  
That's writ upon the flowery sward,  
Where stands the dome of Fame.

#### THOUGHTS SUGGESTED ON VISITING GOATFELL IN THE ISLAND OF ARRAN.

I stood on Goatfell's rugged brow,  
Bright were the skies the while;  
I marked the ocean's restless flow  
Around the rock-girt isle.

I thought on cities where the din  
 Of revelry and woe,  
 Proclaim how near men are akin  
 To vice—their direst foe.

I thought on palaces and towers,  
 And of the hovels where  
 The toil-worn man his weary hours  
 Must spend with grief and care.  
 I thought on those whose halls display  
 The treasures won from art,  
 And wondered how they found their way  
 To fickle fortune's heart.

I thought upon the millions who  
 Have oft o'er want to sigh,  
 While lordly drones, who nothing do,  
 In Plenty's arms can lie.  
 Such thoughts flashed on my mind while I  
 The scene sublime surveyed,  
 That filled with joy my ravished eye,  
 As o'er its wilds it strayed.

Before me Erin—lovely isle—  
 On ocean's bosom lay,—  
 That land where ill-rewarded toil  
 Is still the tyrant's prey ;  
 And there, too, Bigotry her head  
 Still rears, and things called men  
 Are, by the knaves that prop her, led  
 To error's darkest den.

And never will the land be free  
 That bends to priestly sway,  
 In whose dark shade lies hid the key  
 That fires the freeman's lay.  
 A king may throw an iron chain  
 Around the sons of Toil,  
 And from their care-worn bodies drain  
 The sweets o'er which kings smile.

And soldiers—earth's worst curse!—will rise  
 And rally round a king,  
 Whose tear-stained gold but knaves would prize—  
 Whose downfall men would sing.  
 Yet kings exact but mankind's toil,  
 While priests with fetters bind,  
 By arrant roguery and guile,  
 Man's noblest part—his mind.

But let us change the scene, and turn  
 To Scotland and her vales,  
 Where "thoughts that breathe and words that burn"  
 Each freeborn Scot inhales.  
 There priests, 'tis true, exert their powers  
 Above the law to get,  
 But common sense there rules the hours,  
 And their gloom's sun has set.

I gazed on Kyle—the land of Burns—  
 Where oft in youth he ran,  
 And saw the lights and shades by turns,  
 That cheered or blighted man.

He plucked from simple nature flowers  
 Round which the lays he twined,  
 That all who read will own men's hours  
 Should ne'er to gloom be joined.

He sang of love's and friendship's ties,  
 And ill-requited toil,  
 In strains that freedom aye will prize,  
 And hail the bard of Kyle.  
 "A man's a man," his eagle eye  
 Could see, although his lot  
 Was on a bed of straw to lie,  
 Uncared for, or forgot.

In Poverty's cold arms he knew  
 The pink of men oft lay,  
 And sang their woes in words so true,  
 They flourish will for aye.  
 Brief was his star, yet Scotland ne'er  
 May see his like again,  
 Whose laurels Scotchmen will revere  
 Till Time has ceased to reign.

Peace to his ashes!—cold neglect  
 His manly bosom wrung;  
 O! would he knew with what respect  
 His glories now are sung.  
 From Kyle I turned me to the Clyde,  
 Where isles of varied dye  
 Lay basking in the azure tide,  
 Beneath a cloudless sky.

And there, too, barques from distant seas  
 Swept proudly o'er the foam,  
 And wooed the pressings of the breeze  
 That bore them to their home.  
 Next, to the north I turned mine eye,  
 And what a scene was there,  
 Of sterile wilds and mountains high,  
 Of lakes and valleys fair.

Ye who delight to spend your hours  
 In revelry's foul arms,  
 Regardless of the varied powers  
 That live in Nature's charms,  
 O! would ye leave the city's din,  
 Where roguery and crime  
 Their dark unhallowed orgies spin  
 From vice's putrid slime,

And seek, when summer's balmy gales  
 Steal o'er our rugged isles,  
 The treasures Nature's hand unveils  
 To those that woo her smiles :  
 Then would ye the true pleasures reap  
 That live but in her arms,  
 Whose lakes, whose vales, and mountains steep,  
 Proclaim her countless charms.

He plucked from simple  
 Round which the lay  
 That all who read will  
 Should ne'er to glo-

He sang of love's an  
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## GLOOM'S SOLILOQUY,

...ARING THAT RAILWAY TRAINS WERE NOT  
BE ALLOWED TO RUN ON SUNDAYS BE-  
EEN EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

...railway trains on Sunday!—did men e'er  
...an appalling proposition hear?  
...y, were such things allowed, the working classes,  
...a strut in corduroys and moleskin dresses,  
...Sabbath days wad thro' the kintra flee,  
...bluffly as the men o' high degree;  
...y, more—they wad imbibe the caller air,  
...which none but those who wealth can boast should  
share.

...ne thing's absurd, and working men should know,  
...hat tho' our gentry oft in coaches go  
...On Sabbath days to this town or to that,  
...Were't but wi' frien's to ha'e a bit o' chat,  
...That they a right ha'e to do what they please  
...Wha spend their days in luxury and ease;  
...While those wha toil for six days in the week,  
...Should ne'er presume to leave a city's reek,  
...In which are ale and whisky shops, where they  
...May get themselves dead drunk ilk Sabbath day,  
...For a less sum than it wad tak' them to  
...Run in a train for fifty miles, I trew.

But now the thing is past, and proudly we,  
Sir Andrew Agnew, give our thanks to thee,  
For stepping forward to prevent the crew  
...gettin' Sunday trains wha naething do,  
...to sell ham or cheese,  
...buns, or bears' grease;



Nay, more—the men wha mak' our breeches would,  
 Alang wi' the dark-visaged cobbler brood,  
 In third-class carriages from cities flee,  
 The wonders of great Nature's face to see,  
 That should be gazed on but by those who dare  
 The honours wealth alone confers to wear ;  
 An' lang, Sir Andrew, may sic men as you  
 In Scotland rise to give the rogues their due,  
 Wha wad presume to rin on Sabbath days  
 To hear the larks an' linnets chant their lays,  
 When they should a' be seated in a kirk,  
 To hear a preacher, tho' he were a stirk.  
 Plain Common Sense wad fain her powers expand,  
 But mystery alone must rule our land,  
 Or men like Aytoun will our feelings shock  
 By making bigotry a laughing-stock ;  
 Nay, more—with pride they'd send me to the tomb,  
 Wha lang has gloried in the name o' Gloom.

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#### ADDRESS TO BEAGLES.

O! ye wha live by wringing sighs  
 From those whom fate has stranded  
 On that bleak shore where labour lies  
 Wi' poortith's sorrow branded,—  
 O! when the poor man's floor ye tread,  
 And mark his care-worn features,  
 Does conscience never lift her head  
 Within your callous natures,

And urge you to retire, and seek  
 Some ither way o' living,  
 Than persecuting those wha eke  
 Nights to their days o' grieving?  
 Aft in a cheerless hame ha'e ye  
 A wife seen broken hearted,  
 For what ye ga'ed wi' devils' glee  
 To see frae that hame carted.

For why; the poor man's misery  
 Yields you the consolation  
 Of seeing in his tears a fee  
 To men o' your vocation.  
 Debts should be paid, we're a' aware,  
 An' folks wad do't wi' pleasure,  
 If Labour had a proper share  
 O' what the idle treasure.

Affliction's han' may light on those  
 Wha aye ha'e been weel-doing,  
 An' force them to contract what throws  
 Them headlong into ruin.  
 And when a poor man fa's in debt,  
 How eagerly the vermin  
 We beagles ca', the scent will get,  
 An' roun' his hearth be swarming.

Yet in that poor man's heart may live  
 As strong an inclination,  
 His creditors their dues to give,  
 As in theirs o' high station.

But where can ill-requited Toil  
 The necessaries borrow,  
 That will enable her to smile  
 Awa her source o' sorrow.

The poor alone feel for the poor,  
 The lordly drones despise them,  
 While beagles their last hopes devour,  
 And to despair firm ties them.  
 An' what were beagles ere they took  
 A name that's sae detested?—  
 A worthless crew, whase verra look  
 The devil's den suggested.

They wadna work, my faith, their wark!  
 They may ha'e been seen drinking,  
 But each o' them wad pawned his sark,  
 Ere he'd ha'e wrought, I'm thinking;  
 An' doubtless many schemes they tried,  
 That decent men far rather  
 Than done, wi' hunger wad ha'e died,  
 Or dined upon a razor.

At length, to beagles they were raised  
 Wha lang had been earth's scunner,  
 And deeper thus themsel's debased,  
 By stepping forth to plun'er,  
 Remorselessly, the poor man's hame,—  
 His chairs, his verra bedding,  
 They gaed wi' hearts elate to claim,  
 Nae qualms o' conscience dreading.

An' what maun be their natures who  
 Can to the poor man's dwelling  
 Send heartless wretches such as you,  
 His sorrows to be swelling?  
 Nae better than yoursels', I guess,  
 For, 'twere na for the name o't,  
 They wad themsel's gang and oppress  
 Their debtors, nor think shame o't.

But let them list wha think they stan'  
 Secure in Fortune's graces,  
 Her ladyship, like shifting san',  
 Is aften shifting places;  
 An' maybe, ere they lea' this earth,  
 They'll some not distant morrow,  
 Find out how muckle they are worth,  
 On columns fringed wi' sorrow.

Yes! beagles whom they've hired themselves  
 Anither's nest to herrie,  
 May some day frae their ain braw shelves  
 The delf an' china carry.  
 An' beagles! what is it to you,  
 Theirs, mair than anither's?  
 We ken the same ye a' wad do  
 To ony o' your brithers.

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## EPISTLE TO MR HUGH M'DONALD.

Dear Hugh, since I began to look  
 Attentively on Nature's book,  
 I aft ha'e wondered in what neuk  
                     O' mankind lay  
 The germs from which a lord or duke  
                     Springs into day.

I aft ha'e leukit wi' surprise  
 Upon the creatures, till mine eyes  
 Grew sair, but thro' the deep disguise  
                     I ne'er could see,  
 That hides what merit in them lies  
                     Frae folk like me.

They die like ither folk, 'tis true,  
 But what o' that?—while health's in view,  
 They stick their carcasses, like glue,  
                     To what is rare,  
 An' lea' poor Toil the weeds to pu'  
                     That spring frae care.

Some men say Fortune is a queen  
 O' fickle mind; but, faith! my frien',  
 Time has, we ken, for ages seen  
                     A certain crew  
 Permitted on her breast to lean,  
                     Wha naething do;

While those whase han's are sair wi' toil  
 Are seldom placed beneath her smile,

Nor see what men ca' roast an' boil  
     Upon their boards—  
 Things that by roguery an' guile  
     Are kept for lords.

An' what are lords in Nature's eye  
 Mair than the weary wights that lie  
 In dens that pleasure ne'er comes nigh,  
     Their hours to cheer,  
 Whase han's baith meat an' claes supply  
     To prince an' peer?

Great Nature has in ev'ry breast  
 The same desires infused, to taste  
 Earth's varied sweets, but the opprest,  
     The toil-worn crew,  
 Are by oppression's proud behest  
     Robbed o' their due.

Our bonny vales, where flowers an' trees  
 Wave gently in gay summer's breeze,  
 Are claimed but by the kin' o' bees  
     That men ca' drones,  
 Wha drain their ill-got luxuries  
     Frae Labour's groans.

O! Hugh, will Justice ne'er arise  
 To stop for aye the poor man's sighs,  
 An' rend assunder the disguise  
     That hides frae view  
 Those wha, if mankind were but wise,  
     Wad soon be few.

Mackay has sung the stirring lay,  
 "A gude time's coming;" would it may;  
 But far remote I fear's the day,  
                   When Toil will see  
 Her children mingle wi' the gay,  
                   Unfettered—free.

O! Hugh, it's galling to be slaves  
 To arrogant, unfeeling knaves;  
 But Time, we ken, the sinews craves  
                   Frae great an' sma',  
 An' when he lays them in their graves,  
                   They're equal a'.

---

### EPISTLE TO MR WILLIAM MILLER,

Author of "Wee Willie Winkie," and other popular Nursery Rhymes.

Dear Willie, here I sit me down,  
 To read, or write, or "bay the moon,"  
 Or listen to the doolfu' soun'  
                   That frae the trees  
 Comes soughin' my wee biel' aboon,  
                   On midnight breeze.

But what to write about, or read,  
 Hasna as yet come in my head,  
 Unless it be to sen' a screed  
                   To you o' rhyme,  
 That ye may think sad stuff indeed—  
                   Mere waste o' time,

I'll no say, Willie, but you're right,  
 Few folk e'er reach the dizzy height  
 Where Poesy, enshrined in light,  
                     Sublimely reigns,  
 O'er those who, borne on fancy's flight,  
                     Reach her domains.

But what o' that? Parnassus' brow  
I ne'er will reach—that I allow;  
But at its feet the daisies grow,  
I fain wad pu',  
An' sen' them, as I sen' them now,  
Direct to you.

There aft alane unseen I stray,  
When day's bright glories are away,  
To pour on the night winds some lay  
That never pen  
Ae single line o' will display  
To een o' men.

Day's sunny blinks wha wadna prize,  
Its flowery vales, its azure skies,  
On which we trace the gorgeous dyes  
That a' art's skill  
Hasna yet laid before men's eyes,  
Nor ever will.

But, O! gie me the e'ening hours,  
When dew lies on the bonny flowers,  
To wander amang leafy bowers,  
An' muse on days  
On which Time's han' sae reckless showers  
Oblivion's haze.



There, thro' the mist o' years, I trace  
 How I in youth the dreams wad chase,  
 That live but in the syren's face  
     We Pleasure ca',  
 Till Time cam' on wi' stealthy pace  
     An' smoor't them a'.

There, too, before me stand revealed,  
 What toil-worn manhood ill concealed—  
 The tears they shed wha try to build  
     On worth alone,  
 Ae hope that it their heads will shield  
     Frae Wealth's rude scorn.

While he that has at his command  
 A weel-filled purse, an' rigs o' land,  
 In vice's turpid stream may stand,  
     Ay, to the neck,  
 Yet be by saints ta'en by the hand  
     Wi' bland respect.

Nor are things changed: in youth's gay dreams  
 The future still a garden seems,  
 On which the sun refulgent streams  
     A flood o' light,  
 The which his heated fancy deems  
     Time ne'er will blight.

But, Willie, Time wi' noiseless tread  
 Will come and scatter on his head  
 The snaws 'neath which, baith could an' dead,  
     The pleasures lie,  
 That such delicious visions spread  
     On Youth's bright eye.

In youth, aft on hope's azure tide  
 We float, improvidence our guide,  
 Ner dream that soon our bark may ride  
     On that lone shore  
 Where turgid waves its course will hide  
     For evermore.

An' then wi' reckless han' we sow  
 The seeds that yield us weal or woe,  
 As those wha fifty reach must know,  
     Perhaps too well,  
 Wha ha'e allowed Time's stream to flow,  
     Nor marked its swell.

Yet, Willie, if to toil ane's bred,  
 It's unca ill to lift ane's head  
 Aboon a soul-debasing trade  
     That mak's men slaves  
 To those wha, since auld Earth was made,  
     Ha'e been but knaves.

Mistake me not; 'tis honest toil  
 That mak's our hills and valleys smile;  
 The loom! the needle!—'twould be vile  
     To cast aside  
 Such things—they ha'e made Britain's isle  
     The warl's pride.

But they wha till the soil or ply  
 The nimble shuttle, aften lie  
 In Misery's cauld arms, an' sigh  
     Their nights away,  
 Whase han's wi' luxuries supply  
     The idle gay.

Rave winds, till ocean's surging shore  
 Proclaims your powers wi' mad'ning roar;  
 Sweep lightnings, our gay valleys o'er,  
     Mid floods o' rain;  
 Ye ne'er will thrill Toil's inmost core  
     Like Wealth's disdain.

And where has Wealth her fountain, pray?  
 Why, in the toil-worn's sweat, I say,  
 For how could she hersel' array  
     Sae gaudily,  
 If Toil wad throw aside her sway,  
     An' dared be free?

Whose is the soil? Great Nature's hand  
 For all has beautified each land,  
 But thieves crept in an' took command  
     Of what no more  
 Is theirs, than mine's the ice-bound strand  
     O' Labrador.

And earth's enjoyments still are theirs,  
 Or rather, they've fa'en to their heirs,  
 Wha still, we see, think if Toil shares  
     A wee drap brose,  
 She has nae right to talk' o' cares,  
     Or wants, or woes.

Yet their ain polished tables groan  
 Wi' luxuries Toil ne'er has known,  
 Tho' weel it's kent her han's alone  
     Produce the sweets  
 That ilka selfish, idle drone  
     Sae thankless eats.

Now lives there not the same desire  
 In honest Toil, as in the squire  
 Wha struts in ermine, to acquire  
                   At least a share  
 O' what taste prompts us to admire,  
                   Be't rife or rare?

It does ; and they deserve to be  
 Consigned thro' life to infamy,  
 Wha wad submit to bend the knee  
                   For sake o' siller ;  
 'Twill ne'er, I trust, be you or me—  
                   Mitchell an' Miller.

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### THE BRAVE MAJOR RIACH.

Major Riach, of the 79th Regiment, having asserted that if he had had his bugler with him during the time that Mr Brewster, of the Paisley Abbey, was preaching to his soldiers, he would have ordered him to sound them out of the church ; on reading an account of the affair in the newspapers, the following lines presented themselves to my imagination :—

Let soldiers exult in their prowess no more,  
 One broadside from Brewster can scatter *a core* ;  
 No cannon he needs our auld Abbey to keep  
 From those who 'neath armour conceal hearts of sheep.  
 He speaks ! and their pitiful hearts how they beat !  
 As they sigh for a bugler to sound a retreat.

---

SIR ANDREW AGNEW'S LAMENT,  
ON HEARING THAT RAILWAYS TRAINS WERE TO  
RUN ON SUNDAYS BETWEEN EDINBURGH AND  
GLASGOW.\*

'Tis past! and must I say't? 'tis past!  
The shameless rascals ha'e at last  
O'er Scotland sounded such a blast,  
As doubtless will  
Wi' railway speed the nation cast  
Headlang to hell.

Ah! Scotland, am I doomed to see  
On Sabbath days sweep straight o'er thee  
Vile railway trains, frae sea to sea,  
Pack fu' o' creatures  
Wha in some kirk ilk ane should be,  
Wi' mile-lang features.

Wha wadna, in our father's days,  
On Sundays leukt on wi' amaze  
Whate'er, to use a common phrase,  
Brought siller in?  
But now on naething else men gaze,  
Nor think it sin.

Langsyne, we ken, no ane e'er doubted  
A word o' what a pastor mooted,  
But now their vera creed is hooted  
By men wha say  
Religion soon will be uprooted,  
An' pass away.

\* Sir Andrew Agnew died since the above was written.

Gane are the days o' gude John Knox,  
 Wha used sae well Auld Scratch to box,  
 That Sin hersel could hardly cox  
                     The black deceiver,  
 To venture near where Orthodox  
                     Had ae believer.

Then sacred was the Sabbath day—  
 The weans awe-struck wad drap their play,  
 Nay, cats, yes! cats wad blushed, I say,  
                     To catch a mouse,  
 Tho' it, poor thing, had chanced to stray  
                     About the house.

O! had I lived ere men profane  
 O' Sabbath made a day o' gain,  
 By letting loose a railway train—  
                     Vile noisy thing—  
 That's sure frae every douce man's brain  
                     A' peace to ding.

Wha on a Sabbath day can see  
 Our tradesmen thro' the kintra flee,  
 In vehicles as grand as we  
                     That naething do  
 Can figure in? My faith! no me,  
                     I tell the crew.

A coach or gig I could excuse,  
 Because such things our gentry use;  
 But on the Lord's day wha wad choose  
                     A train to meet,  
 Filled wi' society's refuse,  
                     An' no maist greet?

I grant that ere railways were made,  
 Yill-houses drave a thriving trade,  
 Ev'n on that day that should be laid  
     Apart for prayer,  
 But drink has aye o' taxes paid  
     An ample share.

An' they wha drink on Sabbath days,  
 In some respect deserve our praise,  
 For no a class amang us pays  
     Mair revenue,  
 So I'll no scrutinise their ways,  
     Tho' they get fou.

I likewise grant a lord may ride,  
 On Sabbath days, the kintra wide;  
 But then the wealthy should decide,  
     In every case,  
 What line o' life their steps should guide,  
     Yet count on grace.

But then to see the wretches who  
 Maun spin, an' weave, an' mak' a shoe,  
 Careering the hale kintra thro',  
     Wi' happy faces,  
 Is mair than men like me can view,  
     Wha fill high places.

Had railway companies been wise,  
 An' ta'en frae folk like me advice,  
 They wad, at least, ha'e made the price  
     O' trains on Sunday,  
 To say the least o't, fully thrice  
     O' those on Monday.

Then tradesmen wad be forced to stay  
 At hame an' keep the Sabbath day,  
 An' help the stipendses to pay  
                   O' thae meek chiels,  
 Whase labour helps to keep away  
                   Baith doubts an' diels.

These are the fruits o' that cursed tree  
 That Nick our mother Eve let pree,  
 And if things dinna mend, we'll see  
                   Mankind consider  
 The hale affair a downright lee—  
                   The kirk anither.

Thae sciences ha'e muckle ill  
 Done to religion's mystic rill,  
 For, let a saunt say what he will  
                   In this our day,  
 He's answered wi', "Frien', ye've nae skill,  
                   Hear what we'll say."

Geology they'll then produce,  
 That Genesis kicks to the deuce;  
 Syne speir at folk like me what use  
                   There was in sending  
 A chiel like Satan on a cruise,  
                   Sin's black roots vending.

Yes! scoffers o'er the lan' are spread  
 Sae thick, that I begin to dread,  
 Ere many years ha'e o'er us fled,  
                   Our vera priests  
 Will be compelled to learn some trade  
                   That yields few feasts.



In France, I grant, and Germany,  
 And England too, a man may see  
 On Sabbath days triumphant flee  
     Thae railway things,  
 But, Scotland! sic things seen in thee,  
     My saul it wrings.

Thae nations ne'er were in the way  
 That leads to the eternal day,  
 Thro' which men will do nought but pray,  
     Or sing the strains  
 That Davie, when he tuned his lay,  
     Drew frae his brains.

In fact, they dinna care three straws  
 For Sabbath days, or wad the laws  
 That govern them not stretch their paws  
     An' scratch them weel,  
 For rinning in the path that draws  
     Men to the diel.

But, Scotland! I begin to fear  
 Religion ye've thrown in your rear,  
 Or in these trains ye'd ne'er appear,  
     To grace the wretches,  
 Wha frae my een, ah! many a tear  
     Ha'e drawn—the bitches.

Thy sons, I'm wae to say't, nae mair  
 On Sundays seek the house o' prayer,  
 Unless they hope to see them there,  
     Whase roguish een  
 Conceal within ilk dart the snare  
     Where sins convene.

Lost are the days when sour grimace  
 Dwelt in the heart, an' filled the face  
 Wi' lines an' curves no ane could trace  
     Wi' brush or pen,  
 That weel the blackguard Mirth could chase  
     Frae hearts o' men.

O! would these days were back, and we,  
 Wha gloom on Sundays, kept the key  
 That opes or shuts, sets fast or free,  
     The human mind ;  
 My faith! the thumbscrew yet wad be  
     To some thumbs joined.

But, ah! these days are past, and I  
 Will ne'er see spread o'er yon bright sky,  
 The gloom 'neath which men used to lie,  
     Yet I'll be calm,  
 An' while my slaves the cutlets fry,  
     I'll sing a psalm.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A GOWAN IN A FIELD AT  
 MIDTON IN THE LATTER END OF NOVEMBER.

*Printed in the Glasgow Examiner.*

Lone tenant of a flowerless field,  
 Where are thy kindred now concealed,  
 Wha in gay summer stood revealed  
     In beauty's bloom,  
 An' cheered the hearts o' youth and eild  
     Wi' their perfume?

They've gane awa, an' ye're alane,  
 To bide cauld winter's win' an' rain,  
 That frae the vera trees ha'e ta'en  
     The leaves sae green,  
 And laid them where they must remain  
     By man unseen.

An' soon on this ance bonny spot  
 John Frost will throw his cranreuch coat,  
 'Neath which thou'lt lie by all forgot,  
     For it is plain,  
 Of unassuming worth a note  
     Is seldom ta'en.

When simmer decks the fields wi' flowers,  
 An' birds sing in the leafy bowers,  
 Here cities send, in ample showers,  
     A pale-faced crew  
 To wander, an' their wasted powers  
     Again renew.

Then flowers o' ilka form an' hue,  
 Frae roses wet wi' morning's dew,  
 To crowsfeet, pinks, an' vi'lets blue,  
     Will fair be seen,  
 By ilka ane wha comes to view  
     This fairy scene.

But when the sun to southern skies  
 Retires, an norlan' breezes rise,  
 Afar frae flowers the townsman flies  
     To revel where  
 Wealth proudly smiles, while Labour lies  
     'Neath loads o' care.

Then trees their yellow garbs assume—  
 Fit emblems of stern winter's gloom;  
 An' fairest flowers resign their bloom  
     To droop and die,  
 Wha lately shed their rich perfume  
     On earth an' sky.

So fares it with our race when Age  
 Our names inscribes upon his page,  
 For when on life's dark chequered stage  
     Man's bent with years,  
 Few try his sorrows to assuage,  
     Or dry his tears.

In youth we little dream that Time  
 Will soon from manhood steal his prime,  
 An' waft him to that cheerless clime  
     Where ready graves,  
 Begrimed wi' putrefaction's slime,  
     The body craves.

Then comes the winter o' our years,  
 Then eyes o'erflow wi' heart-wrung tears,  
 While hope, youth's day-star, disappears  
     An' lea's frail eild  
 To lean on what the heart ne'er cheers—  
     A flowerless field.

The friends eild had in youth are gane  
 To where they must for aye remain,  
 Or like himsel' must sit alane,  
     Unnoticed by  
 Those who themsel's years yet will stain  
     With Time's dark dye.

But I maun lea thee, flower ; yon sky  
 Begins to wear a sombre dye,  
 That tells me gloamin's hour is nigh ;  
                   So to my biel'  
 I maun awa, tho' loth am I  
                   To say fareweel.

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### EPISTLE TO THE SUMMER OF 1846,

The warmest and the best we have had since the imposing of the obnoxious  
 Corn Bill.

Hail! simmer forty-six!—thro' thee  
 Auld Scotland's sons the beauties see,  
 In their ain vales, that Italy  
                   Boasts ev'ry year ;  
 Lang may the flowers bloom bonnily  
                   That now ye wear!

A gude wheen years ha'e passed awa'  
 Since Scotland saw her fields sae braw  
 As ye ha'e made them, and if a'  
                   That's left o' thee  
 Be like what's past, we'll crouselly craw  
                   Thy memory.

Lang, lang has bygane summers been  
 Cheerless compared with those we've seen,  
 Ere corn-law bills stepped in between  
                   Toil and her meat,  
 And made ilk simmer—man's best frien'—  
                   Withhold her heat.

But noo the corn-law bill's withdrawn,  
 An' Commerce sees a rising dawn,  
 In which she is resolved to stan'

Unfettered, free,  
 As any lord in a' the lan',  
 Whate'er he be.

An' Nature, proud o' Robin Peel,  
 Steps forth her beauties to reveal,  
 An' cheer him wi' her smiles, wha weel`

Deserves our praise,  
 For daring wi' sic honest zeal  
 To mend our ways.

But man—whase sires usurped our soil  
 By arrant roguery and guile—

Arose and urged, in language vile,  
 That Free Trade ne'er  
 Wad be allowed in this *free* isle,  
 Toil's heart to cheer.

An' yet frae Toil the sweets a' spring  
 To which the drones sae fondly cling,  
 Wha loudly wad the downfa' ring

O' ane whase fame  
 Our sons with ecstasy will sing,—  
 An' Peel's his name!

Protectionists may noo retire,  
 An' vomit forth their selfish ire  
 In private, on his head whose lyre

Emits the strains  
 That prompt the toil-worn to inquire  
 Wha forged their chains.

Then simmer smile awa!—thy flowers  
 Aye hang their heads when owre them lours  
 A clouded sky!—an' let thy showers  
     Like dews descend,  
 For now Free Trade we ken is ours,  
     An' Peel's our friend.

### LIBERTY!

*Printed in the Glasgow Examiner.*

When will we see thee, Liberty,  
 Rise in thy strength and majesty,  
 And proudly plant thy banner fair  
 O'er the dark crest of Tyranny?  
     O! rise, fair Liberty,  
     O! rise, fair Liberty,  
 And let the despots of the earth  
     Feel thy power, O! Liberty!

Loud Faction talks of Liberty,  
 While in her breast lurks knavery,  
 For party spirit's based on self,  
 And hates thy name, O! Liberty!  
     O! rise, fair Liberty,  
     O! rise, fair Liberty;  
 The tyrant will, tho' armed with chains,  
     Quail before thee, Liberty.

Come in thy glory, Liberty,  
 Thy laws are mankind's property,  
 And he who dares thy laws transgress,  
 Steeps his soul deep in infamy.

O! rise, fair Liberty,  
 O! rise, fair Liberty,  
 And slavery's foul sun will set  
 In thy blaze, O! Liberty.

---

### A DESERTED MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

Published in the 2d Series of the *Lays of St. Mungo*.

My bonny babe is sound asleep,  
 He dreams not of his mother's woe ;  
 He smiles, ah ! I can only weep,  
 And long, I fear, my tears must flow.  
 Thy cruel father left us here,  
 Whom I have loved perhaps too well—  
 Whose vows of love I thought sincere—  
 Whose truth this broken heart can tell !

Then a' aroun' wi' smiles seemed clad,  
 The very birds sang love to me,  
 Now a' these thrilling joys are dead,  
 Or live but in my love for thee.  
 Dear impress of a faithless sire,  
 In thy sweet smile his smile I trace,  
 Who waked within my breast a fire  
 That Time, ah ! never will efface.

My spring of life ! nane fairer rose,  
 'Tis setting in a vale of tears,  
 While he, the source o' a' my woes,  
 The gayest of the gay appears.



Sleep on, fair babe ; a father's smile  
 May never, never light on thee,  
 Nor may his tales the hours beguile,  
 That have made such a wreck o' me.

But I, with all a mother's care,  
 Will fondly tend thy budding years,  
 And smile, thy little joys to share,  
 Tho' 'neath my smiles are buried tears.  
 Serene's thy sleep, my artless child,  
 The past is all a blank to thee ;  
 But on thy mother Falsehood smiled,  
 And blighted a' life's joys to me.

---

### LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING THAT A MONUMENT WAS  
 TO BE ERECTED IN PAISLEY FOR ROBERT  
 TANNAHILL.

*Printed in the Renfrewshire Advertiser.*

When roun' the gay board that enlivens us a',  
 Ah! little we dream o' the bard, O,  
 Whase strains mak' the hours wi' their minutes gae wa',  
 As things far beneath our regard, O.

In Poortith's cauld arms broken hearted they lie,  
 Unheeded by Wealth and her train, O,  
 Till death comes their griefs an' their cares to untie,  
 And waft them to climes free o' pain, O.

Then men sing their strains and lament that the hand  
 That penned them neglected had been, O ;

Forgetting the while, wrecked on Poverty's strand,  
Sweet Poesy's sons are still seen, O.

We lament, Burns, thy fate, yet allowed Tannahill  
To wander neglected while here, O,  
Whase strains ha'e made classic Gleniffer's green hill—  
Whase name Scotsmen lang will revere, O.

A pile may our love for his mem'ry reveal,  
But ne'er will the poet it see, O ;  
But his worth death's dark veil from us canna conceal,  
And o' vice, Tannahill! thou wert free, O.

His monument lives in our hearts, and his fame  
Is sounded beyond the wide sea, O ;  
Then to-night, while we're gathered to halo his name,  
Let a tear for his fate fill each e'e, O.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING THAT A CONCERT WAS  
GETTING UP, THE PROCEEDS OF WHICH WERE  
TO BE ADDED TO THE MONEY ALREADY COL-  
LECTED FOR BUILDING A MONUMENT TO ALEX.  
WILSON, AUTHOR OF "WATTY AND MEG."

He died far in a foreign land,  
By cruel Fate's decree,  
Whose eye the lights and shadows scanned,  
Auld Scotia of thee.  
He dreamed na, as our vales he trode,  
When in his youthfu' prime,  
That he would lie beneath the sod  
Within a foreign clime.

His heart o'erflowed wi' Nature's fire,  
 But Toil claimed a' the hours  
 He fain wad ha'e spent wi' his lyre  
 In fancy's fairy bowers.  
 Yes! Wilson, clouds o'er thy young morn  
 Their dark forebodings cast,  
 And knaves who look on worth wi' scorn,  
 Lent fury to the blast

That swept thee from thy native shore  
 Across the roaring sea,  
 The pathless deserts to explore,  
 Thro' which fame followed thee.  
 Now men begin to sing thy praise  
 And glory in thy name,  
 Who plucked, 'mid hardships dire, the lays  
 That rivet thee to fame.

Then let us give the bard his due,  
 Let monuments convey  
 To distant times how well we knew  
 In whom true merit lay.  
 Beyond the wide Atlantic sea  
 His fame is spread afar,  
 Who, Paisley! will for ever be  
 Thy first, thy brightest star.

---

EPISTLE TO MR JOHN DICKIE,  
GREENOCK.

Dear Dickie, Time's a thrawart loon  
As e'er wi' our auld earth gaed roun',  
For if love promise ane a boon—  
                    Say the neist night—  
How slowly will the morn and noon  
                    Gang out o' sight?

A minute then will tak' as lang,  
Across our anxious heads to gang,  
As will an hour, when we're amang  
                    The frien's we lo'e,  
Inhaling, o'er some canty sang,  
                    The *mountain dew*.

Time's swift, we're tauld, but where's the man  
Wha hasna aft had cause to ban  
His tardy steps, an' wished some plan  
                    He could devise,  
That wad keep mankind in his van,  
                    Swift tho' he flies?

Yes! Dickie, aft the youth can see,  
When some braw lass is in his e'e,  
Wha promised had wi' him to be  
                    At e'enin's hour,  
That Time can mak' a day seem three,  
                    Or maybe four.

But when they meet, ah! then he flies  
 As swift as lightning o'er the skies,  
 An' mak's the hours they fondly prize  
       Sae short, that they  
 Are sure that steeples tell big lies,  
       Whate'er they say.

Or if some social frien's convene  
 To spen' a blythe an' merry e'en,  
 Then Time, like ane that has the spleen,  
       Maun haste alang,  
 As swiftly as he ne'er had been  
       Sic men amang.

An', John, ye'll mind as weel as me,  
 How swift the rogue wad o'er us flee,  
 An' shorten the sweet hours that we  
       Ha'e aften spent  
 In Sandy Kerr's, that haunt o' glee  
       An' merriment.

There baker Gray we used to meet,  
 Whase crack proved aye the winding sheet  
 O' gruesome Care, wha fled as fleet  
       Frae where he sat,  
 As e'er a mouse on downy feet  
       Fled frae a cat.

There Paisley an' Lochead we've seen  
 Wi' ither social frien's convene,  
 To hear each ither's cracks, an' glean  
       Frae Nature's flame,  
 The charms that kept wild Fancy's screen  
       'Tween us an' hame,

An' Sandy Kerr, we brawly ken,  
 Is just the vera pink o' men  
 For keeping cheery his fire en',  
     As they can tell  
 Wha aften o'er a *tappit hen*  
     Sits wi' himsel'.

An', Dickie, we will ne'er repent  
 The hours that we in Sandy's spent,  
 For a' that harboured there weel kent  
     That decent men  
 Alane were suffered to frequent  
     His cozy den.

But now these days are past, and we  
 But seldom ane anither see,  
 Or doubtless we at times wad be—  
     I'll bet a crown—  
 Inhaling smells o' barley bree  
     In Barrhead town.

A' men are posting on to where  
 Mirth leaves them in the arms o' Care,  
 Wha scatters on the ance dark hair  
     The snaws o' eild,  
 'Neath which a' grades are doomed to share  
     A flowerless field.

An', John, our youth's awa, an' we  
 Are far across the mystic sea,  
 Where that dread power, Eternity,  
     Whom bards have sung,  
 Reigns, and exacts his final fee  
     Frae auld an' young.

Then let us, while our barque's afloat,  
 Extract from ev'ery sunny spot  
 We pass, some sweet *Forget-me-not*,  
                     And coming years  
 May see us o'er the treasure gloat,  
                     Unstained wi' tears.

By Fate's inscrutable decree  
 Years pass away, and so must we ;  
 But, frien', ere this auld earth we lea',  
                     I hope we'll share  
 Some social nights o' fun an' glee  
                     Wi' Sandy Kerr.

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#### A BEREAVED MOTHER'S LAMENT.

And is she gane for aye frae me,  
 Whase smile I liked sae weel to see?  
 An' maun I see her face nae mair,  
 Whase weal was a' a mither's care?  
 She's gane! and I am left to mourn  
 The days that never will return,  
 For she in whom my hopes a' lay,  
 Has now her hame beneath the clay.

Aft, when gay summer smiled, wad we  
 Gang out the flowery vales to see,  
 An' listen to the lark's sweet sang,  
 When up the fleecy clouds amang ;  
 Then Pleasure wi' an angel's smile  
 Frae warly cares wad us beguile,

An' Hope wad point to future years,  
Whase flowers had ne'er been stained wi' tears.

But, ah! these days frae me ha'e fled,  
And I a flowerless vale now tread,  
To cull the weeds that I ne'er saw,  
Till frae me she was ta'en awa.  
My child! my child! a mother's woe  
But the bereaved alone can know,  
As I can tell wha lost in thee  
What made earth seem a heaven to me.

#### SOVEREIGNS.

The plaguetest, fashiouset things that I ken,  
For stirring up strife amang women an' men,  
Are sov'reigns, tho' no ane in threescore an' ten  
But fain wad the plagues mak' their ain.

What wife, do ye think, wad keep peace in her hame,  
Were he wi' whom fondly she blended her name,  
To keep frae her grasp what a wife's sure to claim—  
The plagues that we sovereigns ca'?

In court or in camp they are worshipped by a',  
For kings own their power as before them they fa';  
An' priests, even priests wad reject a bit ca'  
If they werena blent wi' the soun'.

The miser sees naething on earth like the gowd,  
That sooner or later will buy him a shroud,  
In which his neist heir, tho' in tears, will be proud  
To lay him, syne laugh in his sleeve.



The spendthrift for sov'reigns his conscience wad sink  
 In ruin, for sic things aye yield him the drink  
 That hurries his wife and his weans to the brink  
     O' ruin, starvation, an' woe.

Yet sov'reigns are things that if tended wi' care,  
 Wad keep ane baith cozy an' warm, late an' air ;  
 But few o' them fa' to the toil-weary's share,  
     To whom they by right should belang.

### WILL YE GANG TO ELDERSLIE?

Will ye gang to Elderslie,  
     My dear lassie, O ?  
 Will ye gang to Elderslie,  
     My dear lassie, O ?  
 There still stan's the hero's tree,  
 Wha for fame and liberty  
 Made the foes o' Scotland flee,  
     My dear lassie, O.

There, too, stan's the hero's bield,  
     My dear lassie, O ;  
 There, too, stan's the hero's bield,  
     My dear lassie, O ;—  
 Wha wi' braid claymore an' shield,  
 On many a hard-fought field,  
 Made his enemies to yield,  
     My dear lassie, O.

Round his name the bays are twined,  
     My dear lassie, O ;

Round his name the bays are twined,

My dear lassie, O ;—

That old Time will ne'er unbind,

For to his great name is joined

What men aye will keep in mind,

My dear lassie, O.

Wallace never feared a foe,

My dear lassie, O ;

Wallace never feared a foe,

My dear lassie, O.

'Twas a traitor laid him low,

And the despot's vengeful blow

Filled his native land with woe,

My dear lassie, O.

Ye ha'e often sung his praise,

My dear lassie, O ;

Ye ha'e often sung his praise,

My dear lassie, O.

But mair sweet wad be your lays

On the bonny sylvan braes,

Where he spent his youthfu' days,

My dear lassie, O.

Then let us to Elderslie,

My dear lassie, O ;

Then let us to Elderslie,

My dear lassie, O ;

And when gazing on his tree,

Tho' a tear may dim the e'e,

It may pleasure yield to thee,

My dear lassie, O.

LINES  
 WRITTEN ON THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CLYDE  
 IN 1847.

*Printed in the Glasgow Examiner.*

Scotland, thy sylvan vales,  
 Where men breathe freedom's gales,  
       Now shield a Queen,  
 Who on the page of fame  
 Nobly has stamped her name ;  
 Hail, then, with loud acclaim,  
       Britain's loved Queen !

Robed in their richest dyes,  
 May our bright azure skies  
       Smile on a Queen,  
 Who comes the land to see  
 Where dwell the brave and free,  
 Who will a safeguard be  
       To their loved Queen.

Raise high your heads, ye Bens,  
 O'er our romantic glens,  
       For now a Queen  
 Sees in your belted knights,  
 Men who, while tower your heights,  
 Will guard the sacred rights  
       Of such a Queen.

Clyde's frith beheld with pride,  
 Upon its azure tide,  
       Great Britain's Queen ;

And our proud lochs that long  
 Bards have inshrined in song,  
 Saw with delight men throng  
     Round their loved Queen.

Then let us all arise  
 And show how much we prize  
     Our country's Queen,  
 Who comes with outstretched hand  
 To grace, to cheer our land,  
 And its wide fame expand ;  
     She is our Queen.

Then while Victoria reigns  
 O'er Britain's wide domains,  
     We'll have a Queen  
 Whom we will all revere ;  
 Then peasant join with peer  
 In a soul-stirring cheer  
     For Britain's Queen.

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### LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM FINDLAY,  
 POET, PAISLEY.

*Printed in the Glasgow Examiner.*

He's gane awa we a' lo'ed weel,  
 To where he must for aye remain ;  
 He lies within a turfen biel'  
     Whom we'll ne'er see on earth again.

But lang his sangs an' tales will be  
 Remembered baith by auld an' young,  
 For aye they fill wi' merry glee  
 Their hearts wha hear them said or sung.

He had nae foes—his honest smile  
 Aye won the hearts o' great an' sma,  
 An' like the far-famed bard o' Kyle,  
 He weel the Scottish reed could blaw.  
 An' Time will wreathe our poet's name  
 Wi' garlands that but seldom bloom  
 On those wha dare the heights of Fame,  
 Till they lie in a cheerless tomb.

'Twas on Gleniffer's sunny side  
 Our bard last struck his stirring lyre,  
 An' Fame will from oblivion's tide  
 Long keep the strains we all admire.  
 Yes! Findlay, when the hand of Time  
 The present race in earth has laid,  
 Thy lays will flourish in their prime,  
 And will but with our language fade.

## THE MERMAID'S SONG.

### CHORUS.

The ocean's roar, the ocean's roar,  
 O! give to me the ocean's roar;  
 When morn's bright ray illumes the spray,  
 It heaves from its breast on the pebbled shore.

The landsmen in the festooned ha',  
 To sing earth's charms may join,  
 But if the coral caves they saw,  
 That lie beneath my brine,  
 They'd own that tho' the vales are fair  
 Where they delight to roam,  
 They ne'er will with the wilds compare  
 Where I have found a home.  
 The ocean's roar, &c.

The sea-birds o'er my restless waves  
 In countless numbers sweep,  
 Regardless of the storm that raves  
 O'er the unfathomed deep;  
 Or on its ridgy breast they lie  
 Amid the sparkling foam,  
 That forms the matchless canopy  
 That decorates my home.  
 .      The ocean's roar, &c.

From pole to pole my waters flow,  
 And none on earth can stay  
 The floods that will, while tempests blow,  
 Make kings confess their sway.  
 The land its hills may heave with pride  
 High in yon sun-lit dome,  
 But wilder scenes the waters hide  
 Where I have found a home.  
 The ocean's roar, &c.

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## PROUD KNIGHT.

Proud knight! ye may boast of your sires, but give me  
 The man who can boast his own fame,  
 Who ne'er courted wealth, nor to rank bent the knee,  
 Yet honours unsullied dares claim.  
 His sires may have toiled, but from Toil ye well know,  
 The garb ye're arrayed in has sprung;  
 The food that ye eat to their labours ye owe,  
 Whose worth Burns so nobly has sung.

Your halls may re-echo the sound of the lyre,  
 Your table with luxuries groan,  
 Your dreams may awake in your bosom the fire  
 That blazed in the days that are gone;  
 But will these delights add a wreath to your name,  
 Or won you his heart who relies  
 On merit alone for his fortune and fame,  
 Yet minions with scorn would despise.

Then give me the man who in weal or in woe  
 His right hand would nobly extend,  
 To raise up the head that oppression laid low,  
 And power from the despot would rend.  
 The day-star of freedom now smiles on the earth,  
 And in its refulgence men see  
 The balm that will shed round the cottagers' hearth  
 The fruits none e'er taste but the free.

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## BUGS AND FLAES.

TUNE—*A highland lad my love was born.*

O' bugs an' flaes the poor complain,  
 An' doubtless they're a source o' pain,  
 For frae their veins the bluid they draw,  
 An' sleep keeps frae their een awa'.

## CHORUS.

An' bugs an' flaes, we brawly ken,  
 Sometimes assume the forms o' men,  
 An' frae Toil's thews and sinews draw  
 What keeps their hames baith bien' an' braw.

A king may boast about his gear,  
 An' palaces in numbers rear,  
 But Toil can whisper in his lugs—  
 A king's teeth's sharper far than bugs.  
                   An' bugs an' flaes, &c.

Our pensioned drones wha naething do  
 But pleasure's syren smiles pursue,  
 Ha'e still been freedom's direst faes,  
 In fact, are but a batch o' flaes.  
                   An' bugs an' flaes, &c.

We daurna ca' them James or John,  
 'Tis but as dukes or lords they're known;  
 Wha should, were they not arrant rogues,  
 Confess themsel's a race o' bugs.  
                   An' bugs an' flaes, &c.



But cleanliness, we ken, drives a'  
 Sic vermin frae our hames awa';  
 So toil-worn men their brooms maun raise,  
 An' frae the earth sweep bugs an' flaes.  
                     An' bugs an' flaes, &c.

Then by their warm firesides at e'en,  
 Wad they wi' blythsome faces lean,  
 Rejoicing that oblivion's fogs  
 At last was spread o'er flaes an' bugs.

CHORUS.

Then let us do the best we can,  
 The doings o' the things to scan,  
 Wha eat the meat an' wear the claes  
 That ne'er were meant for bugs nor flaes.

ADDRESS TO WINTER.

O! Winter, thou'rt an ill-faured loon  
 As ever cam' to our gude town;  
 And I could freely bet a crown,  
                     Wha ha'e but few,  
 Men wadna gi'e ae bonny June  
                     For ten o' you.

The vera flowers, when thou art nigh,  
 Resign their perfumed breaths and die,  
 While o'er yon bright an' bonny sky  
                     Thou spreads a veil,  
 In which the germs profusely lie  
                     O' snaw an' hail.

The trees let fa' their leaves whene'er  
 Thy cauld white robes our mountains wear,  
 While streams that used to gush sae clear  
     Frae linn to linn,  
 Now sweep awa thro' prospects drear  
     Wi' deaf'ning din.

Or should thy sharpest arrow, frost,  
 Thy desolating breath send post  
 Into our faces, what a host  
     O' folk we meet,  
 Wi' faces pale's the palest ghost  
     E'er wore a sheet.

Then ice-bound are our crystal streams,  
 Then cheerless fa' the day-star's beams  
 On scenes where desolation seems  
     To hold in thrall  
 Tho soil that in gay summer teems  
     Wi' fruits for all.

Beneath thy sway what floods of woe  
 Across Toil's cheerless prospects flow,  
 Who sees within the drifting snow  
     An' rattling hail,  
 What's sure on his auld head to throw  
     Baith woe an' wail.

Bare-fitted weans there aften lean,  
 In ragged claes an' stomachs keen,  
 To whom, were but the offal gi'en  
     O' what they eat  
 Wha toil not, faith! 'twad soon be seen  
     They'd think it sweet.

An' yet these children's sires, whase toil  
 Compels the barren waste to smile,  
 Are look'd on as intruders vile,  
     Should they gang near  
 To where the rascals wha them spoil  
     Their mansions rear.

Now, winter, tho' thy blasts are cauld,  
 An' cheerless clouds thy skies infauld,  
 Thy breath is honey to the gall  
     They hourly drink,  
 Wha want that solace to the saul—  
     Enough o' *clink*.

Thy frost, an' snaw, an' drizzling rain,  
 Wi' a' the evils in their train,  
 The poor man rather wad sustain,  
     Ill tho' they be,  
 Than suffer, Wealth, the cauld disdain  
     That flows frae thee.

A' men are equal, Nature says;  
 An' their desires that truth conveys  
 To ilka ane wha thro' the haze  
     That o'er him hangs  
 Dares look, an' due attention pays  
     To Labour's wrangs.

The toil-worn rustic wi' delight  
 Wad wi' my lord proudly unite  
 To tak' frae the redoubted knight  
     We Sir Loin ca',  
 What wad lean hunger put to flight,  
     An' fill his maw.

Yes! Labour has the same desires  
 That fill the breasts o' lords an' squires;  
 But could the race that boast grandsires,  
     An' nicknames too,  
 See men, wha bred in barns an' byres,  
     Receive their due?

No! Wealth mak's laws, an' so we must  
 Lie calmly down an' lick the dust,  
 And in our rulers put the trust  
     That plainly tells  
 How weel we ken they ha'e been just—  
     To their ainsel's.

The winter's cauld Toil ill may bear,  
 But what o' that?—wad it be fair  
 To plague some haughty lordling's heir,  
     Owre's roast an' boil,  
 Wi' tales about how hard's their fare  
     That live by toil.

Yet weel the toil-worn ken, I trew,  
 That they wha truly naething do  
 But strut baith town an' kintra thro',  
     Enjoy the sweets  
 That he to whom sic things are due,  
     Ah! seldom eats.

An' where wad Wealth's enjoyments be,  
 Were those who want's privations dree  
 To rise up an' proclaim that he  
     Alane wad share  
 Earth's fruits whase honest industry  
     Mak's a' things fair?

Why, where she should be—in that land  
 Where all are equal in command,  
 An' where the tyrant's two-edged brand  
     Is seen no more,  
 Wide waving o'er a prostrate band,  
     Deep dyed wi' gore.

Rave winter o'er our heathy hills,  
 Let tempests gorge our ance clear rills,  
 An' Toil may quail beneath the ills  
     That flow frae thee ;  
 But ten times mair his heart it thrills  
     Wealth's pride to see.

Ah! winter, if mankind wad do  
 To ithers what they fain, I trew,  
 That they wad do to them, few, few  
     Thy face wad fear ;  
 But as things are, Toil sees in you  
     What's ill to bear.

## CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

*Printed in the Glasgow Examiner.*

Professor Wilson's bust, done by Mr Fillans, was placed in the Coffee-Room, Paisley, in September, 1850. The following lines were written for the occasion :—

Scotland's hills and Scotland's vales,  
 Scotland's health-inspiring gales,  
 On which Freedom proudly sails,  
     Sweetest bards have sung.

Scott, and Burns, and Tannahill,  
 Drew frae Nature's mystic rill  
 Strains that mak' our bosoms thrill—  
 Strains that ne'er will die.

Cold in death their forms may lie,  
 But while light illumes yon sky,  
 Fame will time and tide defy  
 To obscure their names.

Nor have Scotland's glories fled—  
 Wilson lives her vales to tread,  
 On whose brow the wreaths are spread  
 That will ne'er decay.

Fillans' hand may grave on stone  
 The head that genius calls her own,  
 But where Wilson's name is known,  
 Wilson's bust will be.

In his "Lights and Shades" are seen  
 Scotland's hopes and fears convene;  
 From his "Noctes" nations glean  
 Wit, and fun, and fire.

Lo! he's present—he whose name  
 Adds a wreath to Scotland's fame;  
 Meet him, greet him with acclaim,  
 Paisley's noblest son.

Tell him, tho' Edina may  
 Win him from our arms away,  
 In our hearts we will for aye  
 Wear his hallowed name.

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## SOCIETY MEETING.

Alexander Gibson, Esq., on being elevated to the important situation of Justice of Peace Clerk to the County of Renfrew, invited the Managers of the Shoemakers' Society of Paisley, and a few more of his friends, including Mr Wilson, Town Clerk, to a supper in the house of Mr Weir, Gilmour Street. His father, grandfather, and great grandfather had been Clerks to the same Society. After his health was drunk, the following lines, written for the occasion, were delivered:—

Deacon and fellow-members,—when the morning  
 Springs into life, our hills and vales adorning—  
 When sleep has from our eyes withdrawn her tether,  
 And we are up to sell or purchase leather,—  
 The hours that now we're spending, we with pleasure  
 Will call to mind, and in our bosoms treasure  
 The honest smile of one whose sires for ages  
 Have had their names inscribed upon our pages—  
 Whose innate worth our county gents now knowing,  
 Have placed his name where Time will it be showing,  
 We fondly hope, for many coming years;  
 So Crispin's sons arise, and Gibson hail with cheers!

## O! NEVER HARBOUR SPITE.

## CHORUS.

O! never harbour spite, O! no,  
 It is man's direst foe,  
 It spreads a cloud o'er a' his joys,  
 It lays his honour low.

Tho' Nature should in fairer flowers  
 Enshrine another's name,

Than she has deigned to wreath round ours,  
 Who equal birthrights claim.  
 Are we to look with envy's eye  
 On one whose soul sublime  
 Reveals the glories that defy  
 The touch of hoary time?  
 O! never harbour spite, &c.

The manly heart ne'er harbours spite,  
 Its pains it never knew,  
 While underneath a chilling blight  
 They lie, the spitefu' crew;  
 For if a neebour chance to rise  
 To fortune or to fame,  
 Their poisoned tongues and fiendish eyes  
 Their hidden griefs proclaim.  
 O! never harbour spite, &c.

Then let us fly wi' speed the pest  
 Wha wad attempt to stain  
 The robes in which, by genius drest,  
 True worth will aye remain.  
 Let ane and a' their praises sing  
 Wha ha'e the right to claim  
 What's seldom gi'en to prince or king—  
 A wreath o' spotless fame.  
 O! never harbour spite, &c.



## A HUNGRY CARE'S AN UNCA CARE.

The poor man weeps, but will his tears  
     Ere wash away his many woes?  
 Or yield his heart the balm that cheers  
     Those who in Plenty's arms repose?  
 The poor man sighs; what makes him sigh?  
     He reads upon his bill o' fare,  
 The truths that in the maxim lie—  
     A hungry care's an unca care.

Morn may our hills and vales illume,  
     And o'er them spread a cloudless sky,  
 But will they dissipate the gloom  
     That dims, lean Poverty! thine eye?  
 Ah! little know the fair and gay  
     The griefs that Penury must share,  
 While brooding o'er the cheerless lay—  
     A hungry care's an unca care.

The rich may ha'e their cares, but they  
     Ne'er feel the pangs o' want, I trew;  
 For on their boards each coming day  
     Spreads dainties Toil has ne'er in view.  
 Their halls with melody may ring,  
     Struck from the lyre to please the fair;  
 But none e'er hears the inmates sing—  
     A hungry care's an unca care.

It is the poor man's lay, its tones  
     Are ever ringing in his ear,

And while they mingle with his moans,  
 His children the dread anthem hear,  
 That strains their guileless hearts with woe  
 And lays a ruthless adder where  
 Hope ance had planted flowers, for oh!  
 A hungry care's an unca care.

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#### EPISTLE TO MR MALCOLM LOVE.

Dear Love, what I hate I'm determined ye'll know,  
 So lend me your ears for a moment or so :  
 It's hatefu' to meet an auld frien' when ane's poor ;  
 It's hatefu' to steal past a creditor's door ;  
 It's hatefu' to see looking straight in ane's face,  
 A beagle whase han's clutch a bill ane can't grace ;  
 It's hatefu' to see ane's breeks out at the knees ;  
 It's hatefu' when lairds on folk's furniture seize ;  
 It's hatefu' when wives an' when weans are in want ;  
 It's hatefu' to look on a ne'er-dying aunt,  
 That is, if her purse is weel filled wi' red gowd,  
 And a' ane's expense wad be—buy her a shroud ;  
 It's hatefu' to see, when ane's anxious to dine,  
 Tureens fu' o' soup, and a smoking sirloin,  
 If ane hasna that in his pouch that will pay  
 For what his toom stomach could carry away ;  
 It's hatefu' when twa 'neath a tree will sit down  
 To talk o' their loves, an' the flowers, an' the moon ;  
 To see an intruder advance to dispense  
 What proves, when delivered—why, just common sense ;

It's hatefu' to see those we've valued for years,  
 Frae toil's weary hours reap but harvests o' tears,  
 While those whase chief toil lies in catching a hare,  
 Enjoy a' o' Nature's that's rich an' that's rare ;  
 It's hatefu' when ane by a table is set,  
 Wi' frien's wha can drink, an' can sing tho' in debt,  
 To hear ane's wife's tongue at the landlord inquire  
 If folk o' sic houses as his never tire.

Yes! these things are hatefu', but nought to compare  
 To what every day the toil-worn have to bear—  
 The cauld nods o' those wha ance met them wi' smiles,  
 When friendship and love spread before them their wiles,  
 When youth in the vortex of passion wad join,  
 To reap the delights that made heav'n o' langsyne.  
 But Fortune her favours so partially throws,  
 That where ane reaps pleasure, ten feast upon woes ;  
 And far frae the least o' these woes is the scorn  
 That Wealth heaps on those wha to labour are born.

Fate wills that o' twa ane a *Mister* will be,  
 But deep in Toil's net his auld frien' she may lea',  
 As, Malcolm, the jade has left baith you and me. }  
 Well, years may roll on ere the twa meet again,  
 This ane humble an' poor, that ane lordly an' vain ;  
 And what a contrast will that meeting unfold,  
 To those they enjoyed ere those years o'er them rolled :  
 Their eyes on each ither they doubtless will cast,  
 And their minds may revert to the days that are past,  
 But will they shake han's an' converse as of yore,  
 On themes that sae aft thrilled their hearts' inmost  
 core?

No! Wealth a dry nod to his auld frien' may gi'e,  
 But in it Toil reads—" My lad, speak na to me,

I'm rich, an' the poor, as ye vera weel ken,  
 Maun ne'er warm their taes at a *Mister's* fire en'."  
 Now, Malcolm, ye'll maybe imagine that I  
 Ha'e been rather hard on the newly fledged fry,  
 Wha strut on our streets as if they hadna sprung  
 Direct frae the stock they now look on as dung.  
 I ha'ena; ilk day that slips owre my auld pow  
 Mak's clearer an' clearer what here I avow:  
 The poor may hae talents and virtue, but these  
 They carena a fig for wha live at their ease:  
 While rakes, aye or cheats, if their purses are lined,  
 Are sure at their hearths a warm welcome to find;  
 A nod they may grudge to an auld frien', if poor,  
 Wha blandly will smile in the face o' a whore.  
 There are mony things hatefu', but, Malcolm, by G—,  
 There's naething so hatefu' on earth's a dry nod.

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### EPISTLE TO MR JOHN CAMPBELL,

ON RECEIVING SOME LINES FROM HIM ON THE  
 UNCOMFORTABLENESS OF NOVEMBER AS COM-  
 PARED WITH THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

Dear sir, ye're sair on poor November,  
 But I opine ye should remember  
 That simmer wadna look sae braw,  
 Did we no sometimes get a ca'  
 Frae that same drizzly month, November,  
 And its neist neebor, bleak December.  
 I grant they aften mak' us seek,  
 Wi' frostit taes, the chimley cheek,

Where lang-tongued wives an' noisy weans  
 Mak' just a jumble o' ane's brains;  
 But what o' that?—a man may be  
 On winter nights as fu' o' glee  
 As e'er he was when fruits an' flowers,  
 An' limpid streams, an' sunny hours,  
 Inspired the vera birds to sing  
 In strains that made the woodlands ring.

I'm sure ye aftentimes ha'e seen,  
 On winter nights, sworn frien's convene  
 Aroun' a fire whase cheering light  
 Kept cauld's blae face aye out o' sight,  
 An' made them ane an' a' as gay  
 As if it was the month o' May.  
 The month o' May! Fegs, lad, ye ken  
 A weel as me, a warm fire en',  
 Wi' rowth o' *mountain dew* before us—  
 That balm for Scotchmen's deepest sorrows—  
 Will mak' a winter night sae cheery,  
 That o' its length we never weary;  
 Na, twal' o'clock will whiles come ben  
 When we could bet it wasna ten.

Ye mourn the want o' flowers; but, John,  
 They'll bloom again when winter's gone,  
 For Spring nae sooner lifts her head  
 Than a' the fields wi' them are clad;  
 The vera trees their leaves resume,  
 And nature smiles amid the bloom.  
 But when beneath the earth *we* lie,  
 Nae spring will e'er the bonds untie  
 That rivet us to the cold grave,  
 O'er which rolls dark oblivion's wave,

'Neath which are neither smiles nor sighs,  
 Nor flowery fields, nor azure skies.  
 Then let November do its best  
 To prove itsel' a plaguey pest ;  
 Let us, despite its win' an' weest,  
 When roun' the social board we meet,  
 Just mak' as muckle o' the time  
 As if it was gay simmer's prime,  
 An' see in every smile the flowers  
 That we sae fondly wad mak' ours.

Variety, ye ken, is pleasing ;  
 To kiss for ever wad be teasing ;  
 An' wha wad listen to ae sang  
 Sung owre and owre a hale night lang,  
 That had seen half a dozen years,  
 Or had the benefit of ears ?  
 No ane, I'm sure ; an' therefore we  
 Should look thro' winter wi' Hope's e'e,  
 An' fancy the gay hours at han'  
 When spring wi' flowers will deck the lan'.  
 And, O! my frien', when winter's snaw  
 Is banished frae our vales awa—  
 When Beauty seeks again the bowers,  
 Bedecked wi' Nature's fairest flowers,  
 And listens Love's extatic tales  
 Where Zephyr breathes her balmy gales,—  
 Then fairer will the flowers appear  
 In spring's attire, than if they ne'er  
 Had slept the gurlie months awa  
 In winter's arms beneath the snaw.  
 Yes! my dear frien', wi' what delight,  
 When winter bids our shores good night,

We wander by the limpid streams,  
 Where Fancy fills our waking dreams  
 Wi' pleasures rare, without alloy,  
 But pleasures we may ne'er enjoy.

A' seasons ha'e their sweets and sour ;  
 Sighs may be heard in leafy bowers,  
 While underneath the drifting snaw  
 Smiles may chase girning Care awa.  
 Then never heed November's blast,  
 Winter hersel' will soon be past ;  
 But while she's present we should try  
 To keep beneath her gumly sky  
 A thimblefu' o' barley bree,  
 To warm ane's heart an' fire ane's e'e,  
 An' we'll ne'er fin' the want o' flowers,  
 Nor summer suns, nor leafy bowers ;  
 For in the glass, if ye drink deep,  
 Ye'll fin' them huddled in a heap,  
 As bright, aye and as fragrant too,  
 As Nature e'er gave them to view,  
 Which if ye doubt, just gang an' try  
 In Mrs Morgan's shop. Good bye.

### HOPE LENDETH A CHARM.

*Printed in the Glasgow Examiner.*

Hope lendeth a charm to the hours  
 That measure our days and our years,  
 And wreaths round the future the flowers  
 That Time in his course stains with tears.

Youth sees in the vista of years  
 The pleasures Hope loves to unfold ;  
 Age reaps in reality tears,  
 Where Hope promised sunshine and gold.

Dark clouds may envelope the sky,  
 And spread o'er our valleys a gloom,  
 Hope whispers the sunshine is nigh,  
 Our hills and our vales to illumine.  
 She brightens the dim eye of Age,  
 And bids him hope on to the end,  
 For doubtless the very next page  
 Will prove to him Fortune's his friend.

He reads it, and gathers with pain  
 That Hope but the future endears,  
 The present she dooms to remain  
 Where Toil still has found it—in tears.  
 Then trust not to Hope's fragile reeds,  
 To-morrow let come as it may ;  
 He noblest the maze of life threads  
 Who pleasure exacts from to-day.

### WHERE IS THE SUNSHINE.

Where is the sunshine that gilded life's morning,  
 The glories of youth to reveal ?  
 Why are the flowers o' langsyne not adorning  
 The wa's o' my ance cozy biel' ?  
 Time the destroyer has been in my dwelling,  
 And stown a' these pleasures frac me,



And little they reckon, what youth's pageants are swelling,  
How soon they must yield, Time! to thee.

Hope the deceiver once wreathed with gay roses  
The path Fancy dreamed I would tread;  
Time came and told me that he who reposes  
On Hope, sleeps on flowers that are dead.  
Youth, then, though Hope on thy vision is spreading  
The flowers that seem fair to the eye,  
Trust not her smiles as life's maze ye are threading,  
For Time may but tares bring to thee.

Time tells a tale, ah! if Youth would but treasure  
Its import, the sorrows of age  
Lightly would fall on his head what seeks pleasure  
On caution's too oft slighted page.  
Winter will come with her blasts could any cheerless,  
Her snaws on love's blossoms to fling;  
Youth! if life's vale ye would wander through tearless,  
O! tend well the hours of thy spring.

---

### FAREWELL.

Printed in the last No. of the *Paisley Advertiser*.

Farewell!—ah! when the word farewell  
Falls on a friendly ear,  
The heart with hidden grief will swell,  
The eye disclose a tear.

In life's gay morn we little dream  
That ere its noontide's past,

We may on care's aye cheerless stream  
 With all our hopes be cast ;—

That those whose joys were blent with ours  
 In foreign lands may roam,  
 Or sleep where loves, and smiles, and flowers,  
 Have never had a home.

And man, amidst his joys sublime,  
 The tongue of truth can tell,  
 Will oft, when reeling in his prime,  
 Breathe out his last farewell.

And when within the husky years  
 With which life's verge is crowned,  
 Farewell rings in each pilgrim's ear  
 Who threads its maze profound.

Yes! Youth as well as Age may lie  
 In Death's unclean embrace,  
 And Art will ne'er the bonds untie  
 That on his form we trace.

We welcome in a bridal morn,  
 Forgetting in our joy  
 How soon the bays our youth has worn,  
 Farewell comes to destroy.

Farewell!—it has a cheerless sound,  
 I ne'er could bide its knell;  
 For, ah! the heart that love has bound,  
 Quails at the word—farewell.

## LINES

ON READING AN ACCOUNT OF THE RECEPTION OF  
HAYNAU AT "BARCLAY & PERKINS" BREWERY.

Haynau! Haynau! frae our shores is awa,  
Nor will he e'er tread them again,  
For the villain now knows that the land of the Rose  
A murderer's feet must not stain.

He came from a land where a blood-spangled brand  
Still waves o'er fair Liberty's tree,  
And doubtless believed he would here be received  
As a magnet of noble degree.

But Haynau found out, there is now not a doubt,  
That tyranny's minions will ne'er  
Be met with a smile in Britannia's Isle,  
Though bushy mustachios they wear.

To London he came, not ashamed of his name,  
As "BARCLAY & PERKINS" can show,  
Into whose Brewery he went boldly to see  
The oceans of ales that there flow.

But whoe'er goes there, we are a' weel aware,  
Their names in a book must insert,  
That a clerk will them show, or he'll soon let them  
know  
They must right about face and depart.

So Haynau his name wrote in the book, but I wot  
Ere long he the action did rue,  
For quick through the wark as an electric spark  
The tidings from ear to ear flew—

That Haynau, whose base heart urged him onward to  
thwart

Their doings who rose to be free,  
Had come to survey the vast brewhouse, where they,  
Unfettered, held liberty's key.

Then up the men rose, as all Europe now knows,  
Resolved that the wretch who dared stain  
Old Earth with a flood of true patriots' blood,  
The dregs of revenge would soon drain.

And to him they ran, all determined to tan  
His hide for the deeds he had done,  
By making men slaves to the arrantest knaves  
That e'er wielded swords 'neath the sun.

And soon by the throat some the vagabond got,  
While others his beard had in thrall,  
Which firmly they drew till the villain looked blue,  
And loudly for mercy did call.

The clothes that he wore from his back, too, they tore,  
Mid screams of derision, while he  
Who rose freedom's foe, and laid Hungary low,  
Was tasting the lash of the free.

At last from their grasp got the venomous wasp,  
And ran like a hare to an inn,  
Where under a bed in despair he soon laid  
Sair banes and a weel welted skin.

And there Haynau lay till the crowd wore away,  
And day had resigned to old night  
The earth and the sky, 'neath whose shades they oft fly  
Who dread to be seen in the light.

And soon from our isle was he many a mile  
 Afar on the wide rolling sea,  
 To seek his own land where the tyrant's red brand  
 Still waves o'er the heads of the free.

Then hail! Britain, hail! long may Liberty's gale  
 Sweep despots afar from thy shore,  
 And long may the tree on whose branches we see  
 MAN'S RIGHTS, be the tree we adore.

### TOWN *VERSUS* COUNTRY.

The following song was written after reading one entitled "*Country versus Town*," which appeared in the *Glasgow Examiner*. The author gave the praise to the town. They are to the same tune.

Let cities boast about their wealth,  
 Their palaces, and a' that;  
 Gi'e me the vales where rosy health  
 Sae sweetly smiles, and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their stringent laws, and a' that,  
 Will ne'er wile me frae the green vales  
 Where freedom dwells, and a' that.

Mid luxuries the rich may lean  
 In cities; what o' a' that?  
 There, too, the vices a' convene  
 To ruin men, and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their outward shews, and a' that,  
 Too aft conceal what frae the heart  
 Drive peace awa, and a' that.

Our vales are fu' o' lusty life,  
 Where plenty smiles, and a' that ;  
 Our cities wi' disease are rife,  
 An' waefu' want, an' a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 A smiling vale, and a' that,  
 Is dearer far to men, I trew,  
 Than sooty reek, and a' that.

There gaudy shops may please a crew  
 O' beaux an' belles, and a' that ;  
 But daur they frae the winnocks pu'  
 Ae scentless flower, and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Let them but try't, and a' that,  
 An' soon within a watchman's grasp  
 They will be fixt, and a' that.

In cages they may vext birds keep,  
 In boxes, flowers, and a' that ;  
 But then they ha'e the jails, where weep  
 Baith men an' maids, and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 There fathers lie, and a' that,  
 Whase starving wives' an' weans at hame  
 Ha'e cause to sigh, and a' that.

Then, O! gi'e me the flowery vales,  
 Where age, an' youth, and a' that,  
 The breath o' liberty inhales,  
 An' daur be blythe an' a' that.

For a' that, and a' that.  
 There knaves an' rogues, and a' that,  
 Their trickeries maun lay aside,  
 Or banished be, and a' that.

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## LINES

WRITTEN FOR BURNS'S ANNIVERSARY, 1847.

Wha wadna sing our hielan' hills,  
 Where sterile grandeur towers sublime—  
 Our glens thro' which untainted rills  
 Rush downward to a softer clime.  
 But we this night maun sing o' Doon,  
 Upon whase sylvan banks sae fair,  
 Burns won frae Fame the laurelled crown  
 That Scotland cherishes wi' care.

There aft in life's gay morn wad he  
 Wi' buoyant heart delighted rove,  
 To weave the strains that ne'er will be  
 Forgot till men forget to love.  
 Then sing o' Doon—its name is spread  
 Beyond the wide Atlantic sea,  
 An' while its flowery banks are tread,  
 Burns! wha will not remember thee.

Ayr, Lugar, Nith, an' Devon glide  
 Majestic in his matchless lays,  
 An', Jean, thy name blends wi' the Clyde,  
 When Scotland's Robin sings thy praise.

But, O! the Doon, its waters pure,  
 Time yet will show, oblivion spurns,  
 For while its "banks an' braes" endure,  
 They'll mingle wi' the name o' Burns.

---

## ODE

WRITTEN FOR BURNS'S ANNIVERSARY, 1848.

January! rude's the blast  
 That sweeps along our snaw-clad hills,  
 When frae the-north thy could han's cast  
 The icy chains that bind our rills.

The lark in thee ne'er wakes the morn,  
 Wild warbling in the lift sae hie;  
 The mavis on the leafless thorn  
 Frae thy embraces fain wad flee.

The flowers withdraw their fragile forms  
 Whene'er our vales thy trappings wear,  
 And leave to desolating storms  
 The fields that simmer saw sae fair.

The sun far in the southern sky  
 But transient glances throws at thee,  
 Within whose cold and cheerless eye  
 The germs o' hail and snaw we see.

But, January, tho' nae flower  
 Thine icy-covered vales can show,  
 Thou gave'st our isle a richer dower  
 Than simmer's verdure can bestow.



Thou gave'st us Burns! whose master mind  
 O'erflowed wi' truth and Nature's fire,—  
 Who round our peasants' hearths entwined  
 The charms that live but in his lyre.

Then, January, hail! and when  
 Thy twenty-fifth again returns,  
 What Scotchman will refuse to drain  
 A cup in memory of Burns.

---

### GO SEEK THE GLEN.

Go seek the glen where aft we strayed  
 At ev'ning's lonely hour,  
 When dew lay on each grassy blade,  
 And gemmed each little flower.  
 Go wander by the winding stream  
 That glides thro' yonder vale,  
 Where aft beneath the moon's pale beam  
 I listened to thy tale.

There visions of departed years  
 Will maybe tell to thee,  
 What mak's sae aft the burning tears  
 In streams rin frae mine e'e.  
 Thy honied words won my young heart,  
 And filled my soul wi' joy,  
 Till falsehood cam' wi' icy dart,  
 My dreamings to destroy.

Go mingle with the fair and gay,  
 But, love, ah! dinna name,  
 Lest in thy breast some latent ray  
 Of truth point to my hame.  
 It may recal the thrilling hours  
 So fraught with woe to me,  
 And blight in a' their pride the flowers  
 That falsehood weaves for thee.

---

### THERE'S ROWTH O' MEAT.

There's rowth o' meat in Scotland's isle,  
 But, oh! it's ill dividet,  
 For they whase han's are sair wi' toil  
 Are seldom placed beside it.

#### CHORUS.

The knaves in red, the knaves in black,  
 Ha'e lang oppressed the nation;  
 They've ta'en frae Toil her hindmost plack,  
 And sunk her in starvation.

For palaces and gardens gay,  
 That pensioned drones repose in,  
 The poorest in the lan' must pay,  
 Yet daurna set their nose in.

The knaves in red, &c.

The flowers an' fruits that nature yields,  
 For them alane are growing;  
 The hares that wanton in our fields,  
 To them hare-soup are owing.

The knaves in red, &c.

The vera streams collect their stores,  
 And add them to their pleasures,  
 The deep mines yield to them their ores,  
 To swell their heapit treasures.  
 The knaves in red, &c.

But times will change, we hope, ere lang,  
 And Truth get the ascendant,—  
 When Right will tak' the place o' Wrang,  
 And Toil be independent.  
 The knaves in red, &c.

Then men will sing till echoes ring  
 A long farewell to slavery,  
 In tones that will teach priest an' king  
 How tired they're o' their knavery.  
 They'll sing that knaves in red or black,  
 However high their station,  
 Will ne'er again dare screw a plack  
 Frae ony in the nation

## SING NOT TO ME OF COMING DAYS.

Sing not to me of coming days,  
 The present aye will be my care,  
 The future lies beneath a haze  
 That I may ne'er see melt in air.  
 On fancy's wing the fool may soar,  
 And dream of coming joys, but he  
 Ere morn may lie on the bleak shore  
 That's bounded by eternity.

Remembrance of the past may cheer  
 His heart whose youthtime cloudless rose,  
 But will it stay the starting tear  
 That from the aged's eye oft flows?  
 The past is buried in the past,  
 The future we may never see,  
 The present's ours, and it will last  
 While men are doomed on earth to be.

The present hour then let us prize,  
 Give to the winds hope's scentless flowers,  
 And love and friendship's sacred ties  
 Will, while we stray thro' life, be ours.  
 But if the present we neglect,  
 Cares dark and deep will waft us on  
 To where unthinking men are wrecked  
 On shores where love's bright star ne'er shone.

---

### A REPUBLICAN'S SONG.

O! when will the toil-worn and weary repose  
 In homes where the tide of prosperity flows?  
 O! when round their hearths now so sad will be seen  
 The joys that in youth they oft dreamed o' convene?  
 Ne'er, ne'er till the race who for ages have lain  
 In Luxury's lap cease from Labour to drain  
 The sweets that by right should belong but to those  
 Whose toil yields the balm that on idlers but flows.

But ne'er will the titled—the nicknamed resign  
 Their pensions—their places, till mankind combine

To rise for their rights, and let Tyranny see  
 That Nature ne'er meant man should slave to man be.  
 Who furnishes food for a duke or a lord?  
 Why, those who by them are despised—are abhorred.  
 Who builds the gay domes where such vermin abound?  
 Why, those who must ne'er in their precincts be found.

The clothes that they wear are the fruits of their toil  
 On whom with contempt when they pass them they  
 smile,

Although from their thews all the luxuries flow,  
 On which the Do Nothings feast daily, we know.  
 But Tyranny's star will soon set, for the light  
 Of Liberty's sun is now full in our sight,  
 And 'neath its refulgence with triumph we see  
 The flowers that but bloom where men dare to be free.

### GO SING OF YOUR HILLS.

Go sing of your hills and your vales till ye're weary,  
 Your flowery fringed streamlets sae limpid and clear,  
 But I ha'e a theme in the smiles o' my dearie,  
 That's worth a' the sangs that e'er fell on mine ear.

Her e'e tells a tale in which sadness and sorrow  
 Have ne'er found a place to unburden their woes,  
 While I frae her cheeks the enchantments aye borrow,  
 That live in the tints o' the lily and rose.

Her lips! O! the glass never held such a treasure,  
 When filled to the brim wi' the sparkling red wine;  
 The nectar that Jupiter drank in such measure  
 Frae Love's rosy lips lives my lassie on thine.

Her bosom!—Ye bards who Parnassus are climbing,  
 And see in your dreams what your sires saw of yore,  
 The nymphs whose endearments live but in your  
     rhyming,

Wad own, were she here, Venus ne'er such charms  
     were.

And when frae her hame she slips out in the e'enin',  
 To breathe the sweet odours that float on the gale,  
 Sae fondly's I meet her wha weel kens my meaning  
     Is frae her ripe lips richer sweets to inhale.

Then sing till ye're weary o' streamlets and mountains,  
 I value them not; 'tis of her I will sing  
 Whose love is my ain and whose smiles are the fountains  
     From which a' the pleasures that cheer my heart  
     spring.

### BARLEY BREE.

*Published in the Lays of St. Mungo.*

I gaed out yestreen atween nine hours and ten,  
 And wha do ye think that I met wi'?—  
 A warm-hearted chiel that I'm sure ye a' ken,  
     For aften wi' him ye ha'e sat wi', ha'e sat wi',  
     For aften wi' him ye ha'e sat wi'.

His smile is as sweet as a morning's in June,  
 His breath is to me mair endearing;  
 And Wit sits and smiles frae the face o' the loon  
     To Courage, wha never knew fearing, knew fearing,  
     To Courage, wha never knew fearing.

He's come o' a race that has lang been renowned  
 Thro' Scotland for pith and for pleasure,  
 And where is the Scotsman that ever disowned  
 To drink barley bree in full measure, full measure,  
 To drink barley bree in full measure.

John Barleycorn's meat, and John Barleycorn's drink,  
 His *bree* did our forefathers nourish,  
 And we, their descendants, care naething for clink,  
 If Johnnie's at han' us to cherish, to cherish,  
 If Johnnie's at han' us to cherish.

On brandy some waste baith their health and their gear,  
 On Frenchified wines some delight in,  
 And some condescend to the trash, ginger beer,  
 The merits o' barley bree slighting, bree slighting,  
 The merits o' barley bree slighting.

But what are their brandies compared to the *dew*,  
 Distilled frae the barley we prize, sirs?  
 Or where lies the harm in a Scot being fou,  
 If Scotland the beverage supplies sirs, supplies sirs,  
 If Scotland the beverage supplies sirs.

Then gi'e me, at e'en, and I'll ask for nae mair,  
 Atween John-o'-Groats and auld Dover,  
 The chieks wha wi' pleasure my bottle will share,  
 An' pledge me in cups that run over, run over,  
 An' pledge me in cups that run over.

We'll drink to the land that exults in the rose,  
 We'll drink to the land of the thistle,  
 Nor will we forget where the sweet shamrock grows,  
 As long's we can moisten our whistle, our whistle,  
 As long's we can moisten our whistle.

## LINES

WRITTEN AFTER PAYING A VISIT TO THE BRIG  
O' DOON.

I stood upon the Brig o' Doon  
When e'ening's dew was fa'ing—  
When o'er it hung a cloudless moon,  
The fairy landscape shawing.

The fragrant zephyrs kissed the flowers,  
As o'er the scene they glided,  
And Peace smiled from the rosy bowers  
Where silence deep presided.

Rapt visions of departed years  
Revealed when Burns would wander  
O'er the fair spot his name endears,  
On mystic man to ponder.

Hope would his inexperienced eye  
Light up, but years rolled o'er him,  
Which gave her flattering dreams the lie,  
And hung cold Truth before him.

Ah! selfish man, must genius wait  
Till life's last throb is over,  
Ere Prudence lifts her voice to state—  
“Our loss we now discover?”

Yes! view yon monumental pile;  
Where is the man would shun it?  
Neglect oft dimmed the honest smile  
Of him who nobly won it.



## LINES

ON WILLIAM HOUSTON, ESQ.'S, MARRIAGE.

In Johnstone Castle strike the lyre,  
 Loud let its tones resound,  
 For he whom we so much admire  
 To-day in wedlock's bound.

Here round the board with loud acclaim  
 Our Houston let us toast,  
 Whose merits have endeared a name  
 That Johnstone long will boast.

Affected pride ne'er found a place  
 Within his manly breast,  
 And candour nobly on his face  
 Her image has imprest.

The poor man's friend he still has been,  
 And long we hope to see  
 His laurels blooming fair and green,  
 To charm, fair bride! thine e'e.

Fair bride! when o'er our woody vales  
 Thy light foot deigns to tread,  
 May love's sweet flowers on gentle gales  
 Their fragrance on thee shed.

May he with whom thou'st blent thy name  
 Long live thy smiles to share,  
 And prove that nothing cheers a hame  
 If woman is not there.

EPITAPH ON MR ROBERT WALKER,  
ELDERSLIE.

Reader!—within this narrow grave  
A worthy man lies low,  
Who dared the cant o' fools to brave,  
Yet aye was vice's foe.  
He loved his hame, he loved his kind,  
His heart was good an' free,  
And tho' to a' men's failings blind,  
Their worth he weel could see.

His social hours whae'er enjoyed,  
Aye wished them back again,  
For wit flashed from him unalloyed,  
An' made a' hearts his ain.  
An' when o' common sense he spoke,  
Humbug hersel' wad quail,  
An' freely own that Robin's joke  
Had torn her flimsy veil.

But Death cam' fast, and, O! my heart,  
On Robin made a ca',  
An' spite o' a' the doctor's art,  
Our Walker bore awa';  
But never, never from this breast  
Will Time his image tear,  
Till I like him am laid at rest,  
Death's clay-cauld hame to share.

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## HOPE HAS A SILVERY TONGUE.

Hope has a silvery tongue,  
 And sings of halcyon days,  
 In tones that to the young  
 A brighter world displays  
 Than e'er their feet will tread,  
 Tho' fame and fortune shed  
 Upon their heads the honours rare,  
 That few, ah! few are born to share.

Then, youth, with caution scan  
 Hope's promises, ere Time  
 On you has written man  
 In characters sublime,  
 Lest ye find, to your cost,  
 That desolating frost  
 Runs riot where ye hoped to see  
 The flowers that she had promised thee.

Dream not that gold e'er shields  
 Its owner from the cares  
 This weary world yields  
 To all its garb who wears.  
 The peer—the prince may sleep,  
 Where cares their vigils keep,  
 And writhing start amid the gloom  
 That shrouds till death his wished-for tomb.

And Fame her loudest blast  
 O'er weeping Art may blow,  
 Tho' she, with grief o'er-cast,  
 Sits in a flood of woe;

For oft the artist's hand  
 Sheds beauty on a land  
 That leaves him amid wants to pine,  
 With the starved vot'ries of the nine.

Then, youth, of Hope beware,  
 Unto thyself be true,—  
 Her castles in the air  
 Will ne'er prove gold to you.  
 On industry rely,—  
 Her sons alone defy  
 The carking cares that harrow those  
 Who but on Hope's slim reeds repose.

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#### THE STREAM THAT WANDERS THRO' THE VALE.

The stream that wanders thro' the vale  
 Where stands my father's dwelling,  
 To my fond heart anither tale  
 Ance tauld than now it's telling.

Its ev'ry murmur then breathed love,  
 Joy came wi' ev'ry morrow,  
 But now, alas! I'm doomed to prove  
 Morn's joys may yield night's sorrow.

I loved, ah! none e'er loved sae weel,  
 Nor will that love e'er wither,  
 Tho' he whom I thought true and leal  
 Has left me for anither.

The hours we spent in yonder grove,  
 My mem'ry lang will treasure,  
 Tho' he whase smiles won my young love  
 Its mazes ne'er should measure.

His words, aye when we met, were kind ;  
 His vows to me will ever  
 Round this lone heart be aye entwined,  
 Tho' faithless be the giver.

Ah ! love, the flowers that round thee spread  
 Are fair beyond comparing ;  
 But cheerless solitudes they tread,  
 Who falsehood's blights are sharing.

#### AFT HA'E I STRAYED.

Aft ha'e I strayed by Garnock's stream,  
 Amang its woods and wilds to dream  
 Of days now buried deep in Time,  
 That cloudless joys spread o'er my prime.  
 Then swiftly flew the winged hours,  
 All redolent with fruits and flowers ;  
 While Love around my mornings threw  
 The tints that Time will ne'er renew.

But, ah ! youth's joys, tho' fair, are fleet,  
 As those who on life's last stage meet  
 Can tell, who dare the sports assay  
 That added charms to life's young day.  
 We weave the web in youth's gay prime  
 That fades before the touch of Time,

Or shields us from the chilling blast  
That years are sure on eild to cast.

Youth dreams not 'mid his joys that soon  
The fragrant breath of rosy June,  
That lent a vigour to his lyre,  
Will in December's storms expire,—  
That on his dark and glossy hair  
Time's hand will throw the snaws of Care,  
O'er which will sweep the sullen wave  
That opes what mortals dread—the grave.

Then, youth, of Folly's smiles beware,  
Beneath them lie the weeds that Care  
Will scatter on the thoughtless head  
Of him who dares her mazes tread.  
The weal or woe that lights on age  
Has aft its source in life's green page;  
Then, O! let wisdom point the way,  
And joy will cheer life's latest day.

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### CONSISTENCY.

The following lines were written on hearing that a girl, whose mother had forgotten to get tea on a Saturday night, had gone to a shop on Sunday morning to procure it. She was told that they did not sell anything on the Sabbath day, and yet on that very day they sold spirituous liquors to several individuals.

A half-an-ounce o' tea? Why, Nell,  
Ye ken as weel's I ken mysel',  
So needna come an' mak' me tell,  
To my ain praise,  
That naething we but whisky sell  
On Sabbath days.

# LANG HA'E I WANDERED.

Lang ha'e I wandered wi' heart wae and weary,  
 Adown life's rough path, where nae flowers bloomed  
 for me,  
 Save those that ance bloomed on the cheeks o' my  
 dearie,  
 Or smiled in the glance o' her bonny blue e'e.

But brief was her stay as the sunshine when o'er us  
 Stern winter is flinging her snaw-flakes sae cauld,  
 While I sad an' dowie sit counting the morrows  
 That rise aye sae snell on the poor an' the auld.

On Toil's rugged bosom my childhood was cradled,  
 My youth wore the stain o' her dark cheerless reign,  
 And now on my head Time remorseless has saddled  
 The snaws that ev'n Hope strives to scatter in vain.

Ye wha in Plenty's warm lap are reposing,  
 Reaping the fruits the toil-worn never see,  
 Little ye reck o' the ills that are closing  
 On those wha when auld want's privations maun  
 dree.

By Poortith's hearths Pleasure's seldom seen leaning,  
 Care's wae fu' face she could ne'er ne'er endure ;  
 An cares dark and deep gather, morning and e'en ing,  
 Within their sad wa's wha are helpless an' poor.

An' yet frae Toil's han's a' the joys man delights in  
 Are gathered for those wha frae labour recoil,  
 While cauld are the hames the toil-worn spend their  
 nights in ;  
 Ah ! dark are the hours o' the children o' Toil.

# WHEN O'ER THEE, OLD SCOTLAND.

When o'er thee, old Scotland, the war-whoop was  
sounding,

And Peace had forsaken the thistle and rose,  
How proudly thy chiefs to the strife would be bounding,  
Their homes to defend from the inroads of foes ;  
Then Death's grisly smile spread a gloom o'er thy  
mountains,

Then red ran thy streams thro' thy valleys so green,  
While Pity in tears might be seen by thy fountains,  
On Hope's broken reeds broken-hearted to lean.

But now o'er thy vales blue-eyed Peace is presiding,  
And foemen no longer are seen on thy hills ;  
In Love's silken bands thy brave sons are confiding,  
As lightly they stray by thy murmuring rills.  
And long may thy daughters their children be telling  
That War's ruthless deeds ne'er excited their fears—  
That the fire of a foe no more smokes in a dwelling,  
Where Scetland her mountains triumphantly rears.

## EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Hannibal, Wallace, and Napoleon  
Singly raised terror in the breast of those  
Who armed legions led ; though Carthage groan  
Beneath her rivals' sway, nor dare oppose  
Her swarthy troops against her Latian foes,



A host in Hannibal the Romans see!  
 Trembling remember Cannæ's field, where rose  
 From Afric's sons the shout of victory,  
 And dread the mighty mind laid prostrate Italy.

Where was Rome's magnanimity when he,  
 Who 'mong the mighty mightiest stood, a home  
 Or resting place must seek in vain? Say ye,  
 Who in the historic page or crumbling dome  
 A nation's greatness trace, did conquering Rome  
 That strength of mind display the noble shew  
 To fallen greatness?—to an inglorious tomb  
 Forcing the bravest chief, the noblest foe  
 E'er measured swords with Romans! Hark! the world  
 answers, No.

And Wallace fell beneath a tyrant's hate,  
 Whose only crime was daring to be free—  
 Sublimely struggling to support a state  
 'Gainst foes without, and native treachery;  
 To foreign power he never bent the knee;  
 Hoped when despair had bowed each feebler mind;  
 Wrested fresh laurels from an enemy  
 Who dared with English fetters Scotland bind;  
 And nobly held those rights her nobles had resigned.

Not in the strife of swords, when hope was high,  
 'Mong heaps of slaughtered foes, did Wallace fall,  
 Breasting the tide of war—his eagle eye  
 Scanning the ensanguined field or leagured wall.  
 Far were his followers from their leader's call

When seeming friends betrayed him to his foe,  
 Else had their dastard souls in death's dark thrall  
 Sought the dark shades where damned spirits go,  
 Shunned by the common damned—victims of lesser  
 woe.

And thou, Napoleon, Fame with louder blast  
 Than e'er waked mortal ears thy praise shall sound;  
 The powers of earth before thy genius vast  
 Shrunk paralyzed! They whom the nations crowned  
 Confounded saw thee mark the lines which bound  
 In narrower limits states and empires old,—  
 Saw thee, where giant Alps defiance frowned,  
 Braving the climes where storms their revels hold,  
 Where glaciers wildly spread and avalanches rolled.

*"Thou came—thou saw—thou conquered!"* Kings  
 from far  
 Beheld thy meteor path, and feared its glow  
 Would blight their tottering strength. No longer war  
 On dubious balance hung: thy single blow  
 Oft scattered banded powers! The ocean's flow  
 Alone thy influence bounds! But, O! vain boast,  
 Who can to-morrow's change foretell? or know  
 What dim futurity contains? When most  
 We seem secure we fall: Napoleon fell by frost!

Europa's farthest climes their whiskered hordes  
 Poured on the sunny south, his march to stay;  
 Reckless they rushed on Gallia's sons, whose swords  
 To Moskwa's rapid stream had forced a way!  
 Smolensko's towers tri-coloured flags display!

Moscow, a sea of flame, bursts on their view!

Vainly they urge the war—their wild array  
In broken masses may the fight renew;  
Another power than man's Napoleon must subdue.

The crisped clouds in masses veiled the sky,  
And in their bosoms nursed the flaky snow;  
The breeze's chilly sweep spoke winter nigh,  
And icy sheets arrest the Moskwa's flow;  
Anticipation paints the victor's woe;  
The dreadful conflagration rest denies;  
Fate, big with storms, prepares to strike the blow  
Which from Napoleon's grasp the scarce won prize  
Strikes. See, the charm dissolves! The prostrate  
nations rise.

He fell, and with him fell the hope of France,—  
He fell, and cruel superstition rose.  
Despots who dared not 'gainst his arms advance,  
Doomed him a living grave where noxious blows  
The sultry simoom—there the Atlantic flows  
Round sainted Helen's isle—the hero's urn  
Rises amid the ridgy deep—his woes  
Are buried with him. Gallia! the chief you mourn  
Fell 'gainst a world in arms! \* \* \* \*







